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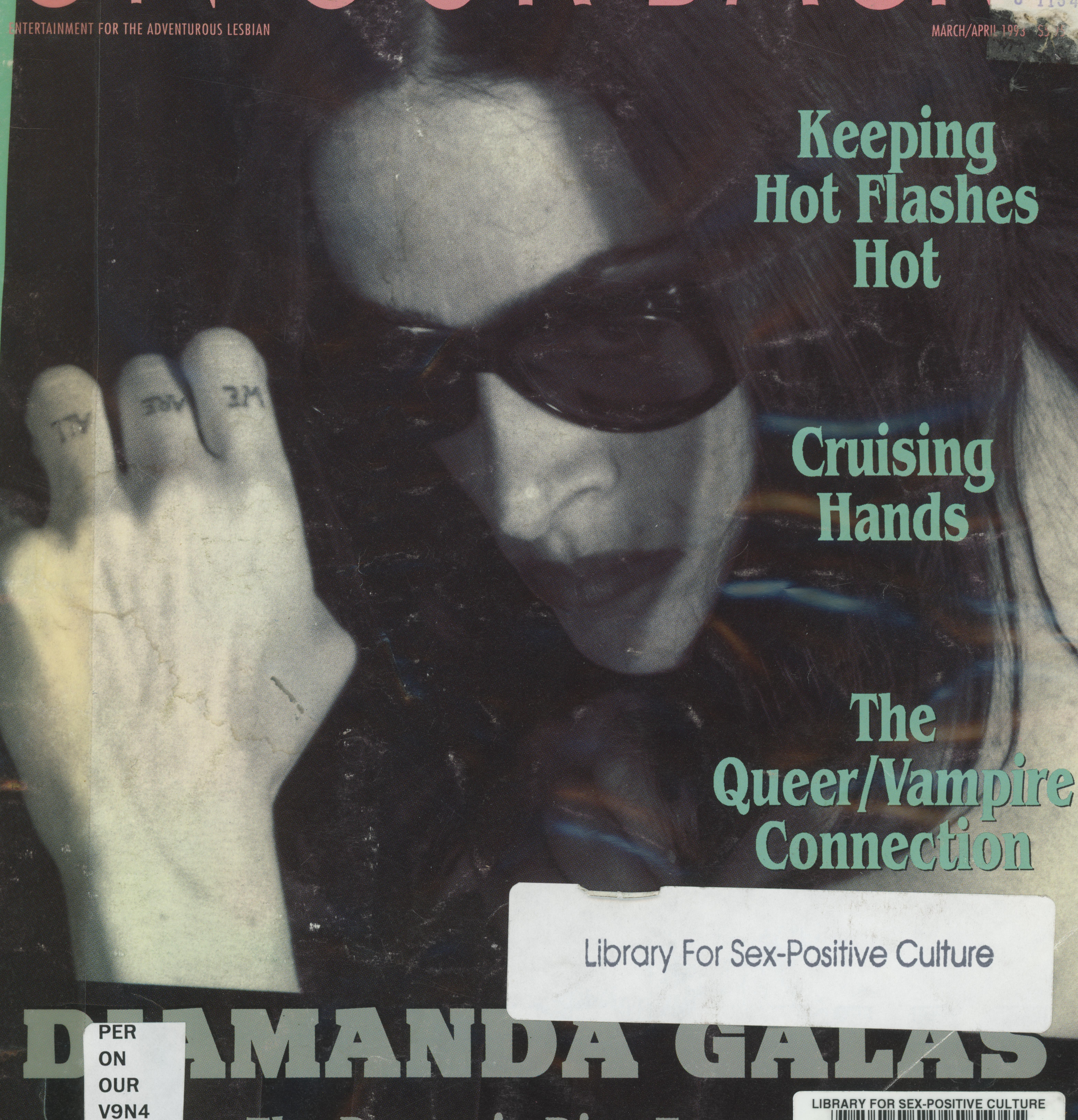

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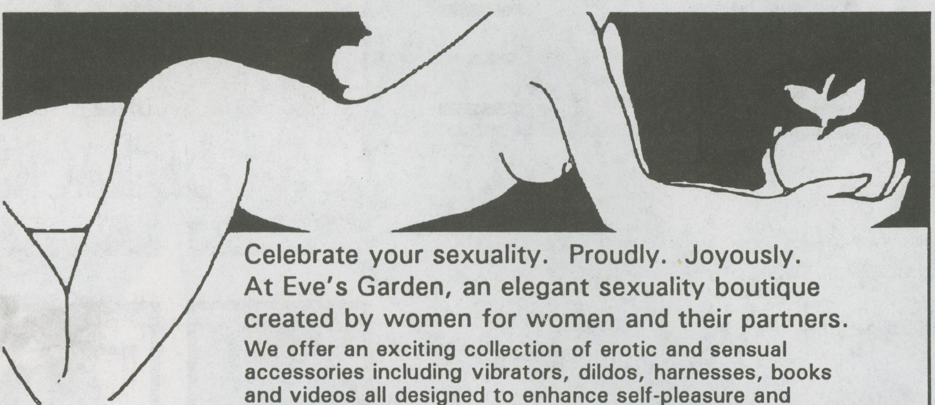

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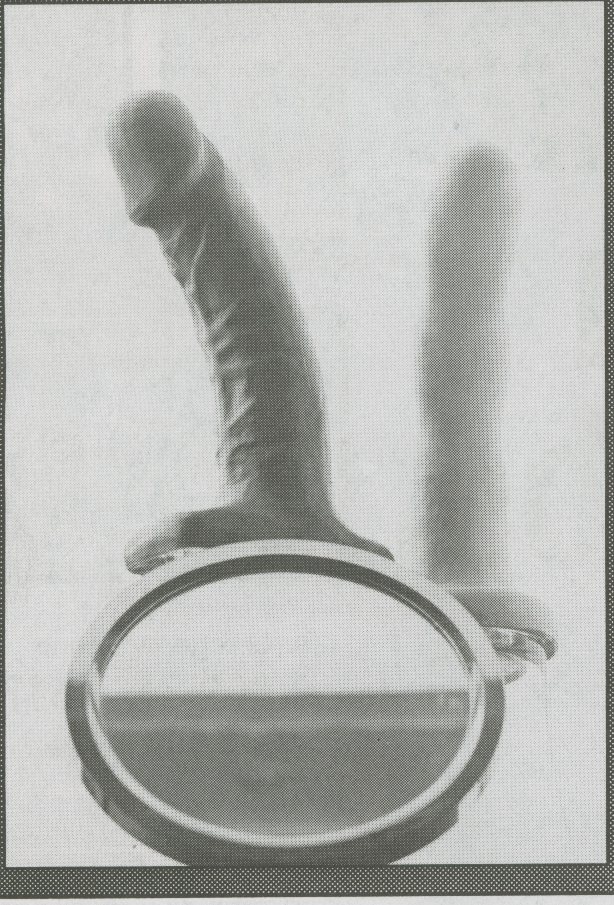

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Why is this woman getting so much attention? Why are we giving her more? Camille Paglia spits bullets at everyone and everything, but for the first time she talks directly to lesbians. Find out what the enfant terrible of media thinks about feminism, sex, and the current state of lesbianism.

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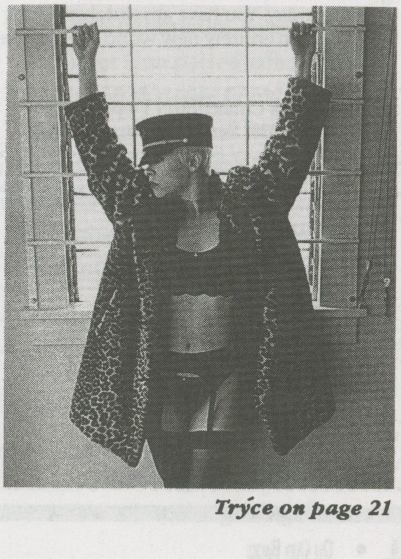

Tryce on page 21

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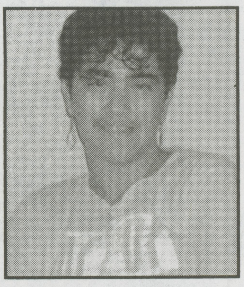
Judith Halberstam sent us a photo of her lovely new tattoo, but it's so obscure that even after a ten-minute conversation with her, we can't figure out what it means. Inquiring minds will simply have to write to her care of *On Our Backs*.

Judith Halberstam

Risa Denenberg is a Family Nurse Practitioner, health writer, and activist. Her articles have been published in *OutLook*, *On Our Backs*, *HealthPac*, and *Treatment Issues*. She is a member of ACT UP New York and the New York City Lesbian Health Fair Organizing Committee.



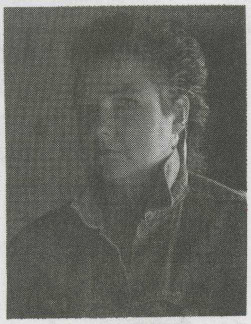
Risa Denenberg

Neda is a photographer located in San Francisco. She's always looking for fresh faces and professional models.

Gentry Lane (writer/artist/glamour girl) has been called a femme on the streets and a butch in the sheets. A karaoke regular, this Taurus lives for her next "star fix."

Annie Sprinkle will be at the March on Washington April 25th. If you see her, please come introduce yourself.

Stephanie Rosenbaum is a freelance writer who is enjoying making a contribution to *On Our Backs* that doesn't involve taking off her clothes; however, she often writes in the nude.



k.c. minns

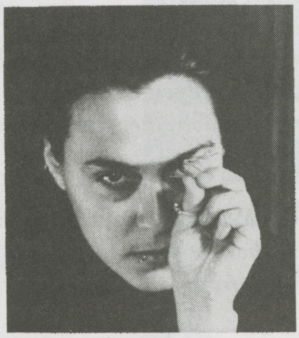
karen marie christa minns is the author of the novels *Virago* and *Calling Rain*. You can catch more of her short fiction in the anthology *Herotica 2*.

Lily Burana posing as Madonna

Lily Burana is the editrix/publisher of *Taste of Latex*. She's played Madonna, she's chatted with Sandra. Having brushed fame, she awaits a brush with wealth.

Jennifer Kent is a 24-year-old Los Angeles native and a recent graduate of San Diego State University. She takes pleasure in body piercing and riding her Vespa motor scooter.

Jennifer Kent



Treyce Cilona

Mimi-Freed is a stand-up comic, writer, and performer. She used to believe the punch line about Camille Paglia was "gender dysphoria," but after interviewing Paglia, she thinks it's "Somebody fuck this woman, please!"

Treyce Cilona, r-r-revolution...would appreciate cash donations for future ammunition, i.e., bulk film, silver bullets, black ink, wound guitar strings, super tampons.

Jennifer Camper's cartoons are now available on postcards, sold in bookstores in the U.S. and Canada, or send a SASE to 151 1st Avenue, #54, New York, NY 10009

ABOUT TOWN

SAN FRANCISCO
SAFE SEX
FASHION SHOW

Photos by Phyllis Christopher

NEW DENTAL DAM HARNESSES BY STORMY LEATHER leave Pam's hands free to wander while Emcee Mimi=Freed sucks dam.

Shar and Stafford demonstrate that **PUTTING A CONDOM ON WITH ONE'S MOUTH** is always high fashion.

Gentry holds out **GROOVY CONDOMANIA PEACE EARRINGS** made of condoms.

Laura Federico, encased in a **PLASTIC WRAP EVENING DRESS,** left the crowd drooling and howling for more. **BLACK LATEX GLOVES BY STORMY LEATHER.**

Licking pussy has never been so easy! Wearing **PLASTIC BOXER SHORTS** complete with red hearts and purple polka dots, Amanda doesn't even have to undress to be satisfied.

THE EROTIC FUTURE:

A Safe Sex Fashion Show preceded a viewing of *Framing Lesbian Fashion* at San Francisco's Roxie Theatre. *Framing Lesbian Fashion* portrays the history of lesbian lifestyles and sex roles, using fashion as a metaphor. Riding this continuum, event coordinator Shar paired safe sex with fashion to predict how our political and personal issues will be reflected by our clothes in the future.

And is the future sexy! As Shar points out, for a woman to wear jeans with a faded circle created by a condom in her back pocket doesn't just show the world she uses condoms—it says "I'm ready for sex. I'm thinking about sex even when I'm getting dressed."

Note to photographers: *About Town* is about everybody's town! We are looking for photographers to document events across the country. If you are interested in photographing an event in your community please call 415-861-4723.

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ANNIE SPRINKLE

Tinisha

PSEUDO-SAFE SEX . . . .

Gayle Rubin (Letters, Nov/Dec 92) made some very good points about "art" that cluelessly exploits a soft-focus, hocus-pocus depiction of s/m. After reading it, I turned with anticipation to "Latex Lust," the safer sex photo spread by Annie Sprinkle. The models were attractive, though a bit on the emaciated baby-dyke side for my taste. The pictures were well-lit and nicely composed. However, speaking as a dyke who uses safer sex all the time, the spread as a whole is an insult and a disappointment, much like what Rubin was saying about pseudo-s/m films.

The gloves are about five sizes too big for the models and obviously don't have gel inside. They're examination gloves, not surgical or veterinary gloves. The pathetic thing is that I don't imagine you know what's wrong with that—otherwise I can't imagine why you would present this as having anything whatsoever to do with safe sex.

Gloves that are too large fall off if you do any serious stroking and rubbing in enticingly tight spots. This is a problem for lots of women, because exam gloves come in S-M-L and are sized for men's hands, i.e., "small" is way too big for many of us. If you don't put gel inside, you'll have no tactile clues as to whether you're touching your lover or, say, the tire on your car. And if you do anything remotely resembling fisting, the exam gloves are useless—they cover far too little of your wrist and forearm (unless your lover is seven years old).

Next I suppose you'll do a layout showing baby dykes using those handy little dental dams. Try to find models with estrogen deficiencies or arousal problems, though, because otherwise a woman's normal juiciness will quickly overcome those little postage stamps of latex, regardless of what cunning flavors they come in.

I've heard lesbians say we don't really need to use safe sex, that girls can't really infect girls. If these photographs in a mainstream national lesbian sex magazine indicate the level of awareness of what real lesbian safe sex is, you better hope that's true.

Lydia Swartz
Seattle, WA

We applaud your dedication to safer sex. If you would like to know more about our dedication to safer sex, reprints of On Our Backs *articles written by medical experts are available. The models pictured in "Latex Lust" do practice safe sex in real life—that's why Annie Sprinkle, who advocates and teaches safer sex through workshops and films, asked them to model for her. We and many experts have found examination gloves to be an effective latex barrier. Most women find that they do fit, and use them because, unlike veterinary gloves, which cost considerably more and are more difficult to find, examination gloves are cheap and available at any corner drug store.*

—Ed.

WE ARE FEARLESS . . . . .

I like to think of myself as being open-minded. Your magazine is certainly a challenge to that. Good God! Dyke daddies, Fanny's G-Spot, genital piercing, abusive lesbians, s/m photo spread, lesbian marriages, hard zucchini. You people are fearless.

Keep telling it like it is. I learn something new with each issue.

T.T.
Detroit, MI

REACTIONS TO CENSORSHIP . . .

I am angry about those hillbilly-ass shit-kickin' Jesus Freak idiots who call themselves morally righteous "men of God" and defaced our property (see "Censored in Kansas," Jan/Feb '93). I know how you feel because I take care of a Jesus addicted disabled person who took it upon herself to invade my room and privacy and discarded my November/December issue of *On Our Backs*.

They just harass us because we're women. You can go into any porn shop and see heterosexual material ten million times more explicit than this, but none half as good as y'all. Thank Goddess for *On Our Backs.*

Louann Johnson
Oakland, CA

P.S. I'd love to see more black women, or any women, with dreds.

The following letter is only one of many that were sent to Dimension Graphics in response to a call by the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD). Their letter campaign followed in the wake of Dimension's refusal to print several of our photos. Thanks to GLAAD, the letter-writers, and all who support On Our Backs, *freedom of speech, and the expression of lesbian sexuality.—Ed.*

DEAR PEOPLE OF DIMENSION GRAPHICS:

Get real. I strongly protest your censorship of lesbian images in *On Our Backs*. This is particularly outrageous because you market your printing establishment as a place known for tolerance. With so much sexual imagery being published that is directed violently against women, it's hard to see why images created by women for their own pleasure should be censored—or is that just too threatening to some timid male ego there at Dimension?

Judy MacLean
San Francisco

TELLING THE TRUTH. . . . .

My lover and I enjoy your magazine immensely. It's gutsy, diverse, inspiring, hot, and oh so necessary in these sex-negative, homophobic times. What a relief it is to dive into something that is too honest and raw to be "politically correct." It's encouraging to see other women exploring power dynamics, gender issues, and fantasies that often get repressed, much to our detriment. Thank you for providing a place for women to share the truth of what turns us on, and to claim our own desire.

Azen Jones
Toronto, Canada

ASK FANNY

PLEASING BUTCHES

DEAR FANNY: *Ooooh,* I am so *irked!* I'm a femme bottom who gets off on making my butch-tops' dreams come true with my body and my ecstasy. When I first came out, I did "same sex"— meaning, I do you, then you do me. Since then I've dated a lot of butches, and discovered that after they fuck me, I have to creep up and do them. They might say "I don't want to get fucked," but I'd insist, and of course they'd come all over the place. Then I discovered some stone butches, which I'd read about but thought only existed in books, who said they didn't want to get fucked, and *they meant it.* So I would hand them the vibrator, tell them I needed one more, crawl up on their faces, and ride. There's nothing like a woman coming through her body up through her mouth into your cunt! And it's safe for tops because I'm not watching them come—I close my eyes and lean my head back like a good little sex kitten, so they can feel free to get off watching my body writhe.

Well, recently I was trying to fuck a butch who was a *horrible* bottom. After three times of trying to get her off, with her making me feel it was the dumbest idea on earth each time, I ended up ripping off my latex glove and throwing it across the room in a fit of tears. The butch tells me that if I really wanted to fuck her, I would have tried harder!

—Up-to-Here with Butch Liars!

DEAR UP-TO-HERE: There, there, dear! You're ruining your eye makeup! Yes, butches can be so infuriating! And you try *so* hard! Shame on them! It's enough to make a girl want to abandon ship and seek solace in other femmes, isn't it?

You know, it's near impossible for biological guys to let go and enjoy being worked over by a woman, so you can imagine it's sheer agony for many butches to get laid by femmes. They get zero respect and recognition for their masculinity as it is, so they're hyper-sensitive about their bodies, afraid they'll be perceived as more feminine than they truly are. It's not a topic they can easily discuss, either. Since the modern sexualite has her communication skills firing on all fours these days, meshing this directness with the butch/femme dynamic of 'You know what I want, take me' can be as tricky as lip liner. Best to just calculate the opportune time and attack—like spring rain, honey, of course. They'll never know what hit them. Then, let them beg for more. You don't need to worry about *their* orgasms, dear.

Understand, too, that awful fuck dates go with the territory of a sexually active, young, single gal like you seem to be. Not every stud that rumples your sheets will be playing with the same sexually open deck that you are; and anyway, that guy sounds like he was just having a bad hair day! When you meet "Mr. Right," these nail-breaking experiences will help you appreciate the gem you found. Now, pick up that latex glove, honey, dust it off, and dry your eyes. Tall, dark and handsome may be waiting in the wings!

...*"Passion thrives on effort, planning, and thought."*

RESURRECTING SEX

DEAR FANNY: Lesbian bed death is no lie. My lover and I have been together two years and have suddenly experienced a drastic drop in the rate of sexual activity. I'm tempted to go for a one-night stand just for the thrill, but what really matters to me is keeping this relationship hot. What can we do?

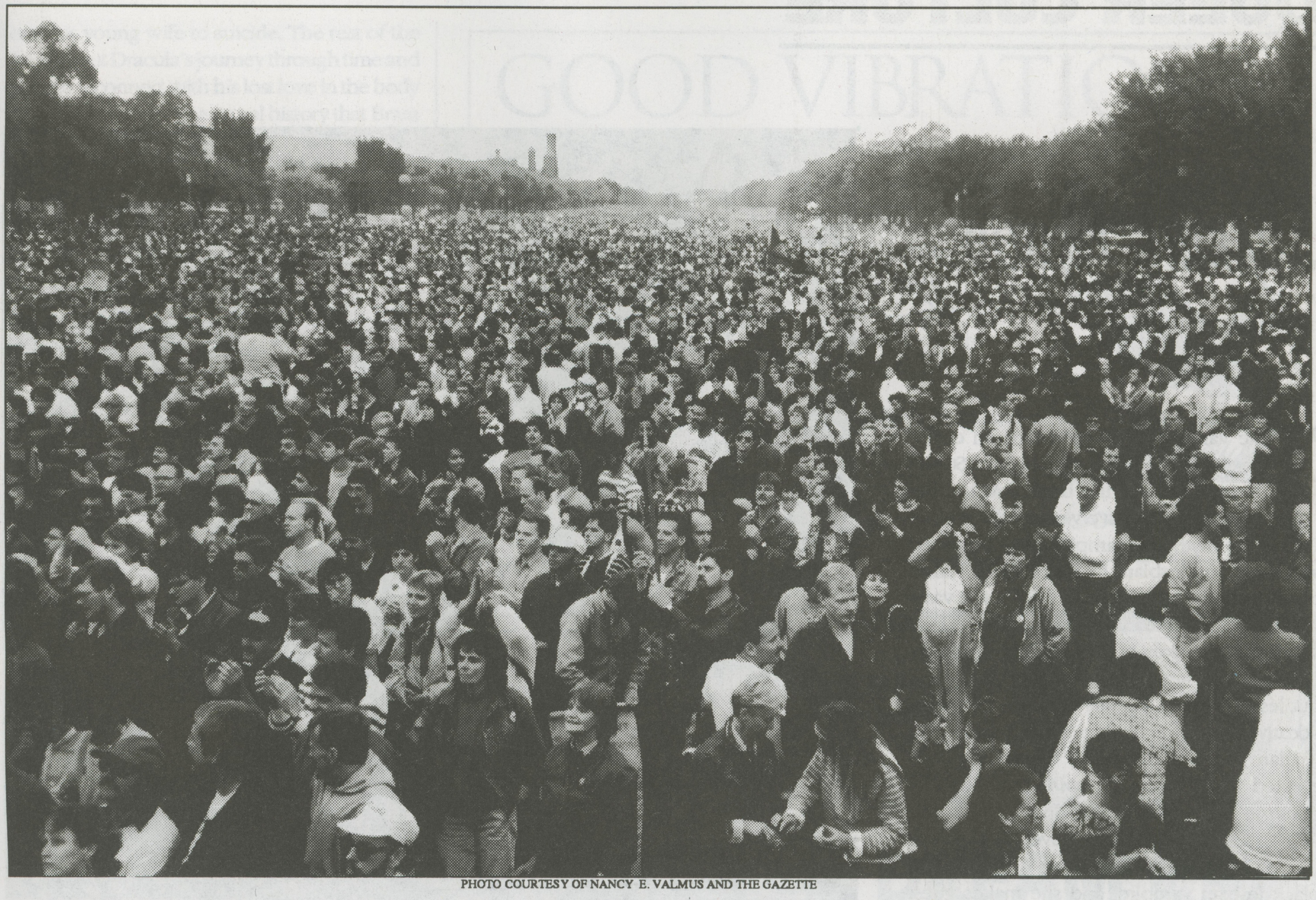
—Dead in Arkansas

DEAR D.I.A.: Undoubtedly, a one-night stand is an easy erotic thrill, a quick fix for *your* desire problem, but salt in the wound for the two of you. In this post-swinging singles AIDS era, couples are forced to finally tackle their number one nemesis: how to keep love alive in a long-term relationship. They're feeling their way without much guidance, but making impressive headway.

Great sex over the long haul doesn't fall from the sky or grab you like a stunning face from across the room. Passion thrives on effort, planning, and thought. First, get off the bed and out of the bedroom and *play.* A few activities that are gaining popularity with couples are watching erotic videos, talking dirty over the phone, acting out a fantasy, stripping for each other, or going out for some live erotic entertainment.

These ventures can provide opportunities to discuss sexual desires, curiosities, likes and dislikes, and keep communication about sex on the front burner. They can also turn you on. Let's face it, we can all use some help in sparking the fires of our libidos after they've been doused by the humdrum workday world. Keeping sex alive means continually exploring and talking about lovemaking, which leads to feeling connected. Because sex is the primary vehicle by which adults play, communicate intimacy, and express love, it's vital that couples devote attention to its enhancement. Δ

Please write to Fanny at 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114



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100,000 marched on Washington October 14, 1979. *650,000 marched on Washington October 11, 1987.*

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SUCKING BLOOD

Ingrid Pitt stars as the evil vampiress, Mircalla Karstein, in The Vampire Lovers, 1970.

The vampire is by no means an exclusively male creature. Before Bram Stoker wrote *Dracula*, the book that has become the definitive version of the vampire myth, the vampire often appeared as female and lesbian. In Sheridan Le Fanu's classic vampire tale, *Carmilla* (1872), the vampire lover is female, and she attacks women. The lesbian desires of the vampire originally marked the monster as perverse and unnatural, but lesbians have recently cultivated the provocative image, recognizing its potential. The lesbian vampire has been reborn and celebrated in films like *Vampire Lovers* (1970), *Because the Dawn* (1988) and *The Hunger* (1984); she has surfaced in novels like Jewelle Gomez's brilliant *Gilda Stories* (1991) as the black lesbian vampire, and she makes guest appearances in lesbian erotica like Pat Califia's *Macho Sluts*. What exactly is the basis of the vampire's appeal to lesbians?

> You are what you eat, & the vampires that eat together fuck together.

The vampire represents a form of sexuality that has no use for heterosexual intercourse. Indeed, vampire sexuality would seem to be a same-sex desire, since the vampire's bite often turns the victim into a vampire. In this mythology you are what you eat, and the vampires that eat together fuck together. Especially in *The Gilda Stories*, vampires create family through their desires: they choose each other very carefully and create kinship groups bound by blood and desire.

Queers and vampires and queer vampires are kinship groups who share sexual habits that are considered monstrous and parasitical by the general population. Queers and vampires alike engage in sexual practices that are considered high risk and unsafe by heterosexists. Queers and vampires make their own holes in their bodies and in other vampire bodies; they recognize each other in the street even if they are not recognizable to outsiders. Queers and vampires supposedly look differently and act differently; we all, according to the myths, live by night and hide by day; we fear the crucifix and all trappings of religion. (On one point of the myth, however, we diverge: queers tend to love garlic.)

The vampire's monstrosity is in fact its sexuality, and it is because of this clear identification between horror and perversity that the vampire has become a mythic symbol of alternative sexuality. I was one of those vampire fans who could hardly wait for the release of Francis Ford Coppola's movie extravaganza, *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. I've read the book, I've studied the legend, I've been bitten with the blood lust.

But I hated Coppola's *Dracula*. Certainly it was a visual feast, a gorgeous rendering of the infinite shapes the vampire may assume. It attempted to be far more faithful to Stoker's novel than its predecessors, and succeeded in capturing the raw lust of the vampire's bite. However, the heavy hand of heterosexism transformed Count Dracula's renegade sexuality into a pathologically sentimental romance.

JUDITH HALBERSTAM

In the novel, Count Dracula is overtly polysexual—he desires men, women, and children, and rejects all conventional forms of sexuality: intercourse is never his object. Dracula's sexuality is primarily oral. He bites, he sucks, he swallows, he kisses. His desire is also a perversion of maternity, since the vampire and his victim exchange blood in a kind of parody of breast-feeding. Furthermore, in the novel, blood is a metaphor for other bodily fluids like milk and semen. Since blood is the vampire's primary desire, it is irrelevant to force vampire desire to fit into an either exclusively heterosexual or exclusively homosexual model. This monster wants fluid, not flesh, a certain kind of neck rather than a certain kind of genital, and, most importantly, this monster is propelled by lust, blood lust—not romantic love.

Coppola framed his film with a fake history of Count Dracula as an honorable soldier who loses his young wife to suicide. The rest of the film is about Dracula's journey through time and space to reconnect with his lost love in the body of another woman. The actual history that Bram Stoker based his novel on is that of Vlad the Impaler, a vicious ruler in Roumania who impaled his enemies and sometimes his own citizens on sharp stakes. Neither Vlad the Impaler nor Count Dracula in legend, nor in Stoker's recreation, are ever connected to a lover.

Why should this matter? Well, obviously, Coppola's film demonstrates how Hollywood often mainstreams alternative narratives by transforming them into tired conventional tales of heterosexual love. More importantly, the romance in this version leaves out precisely what makes the legend so dangerous and the vampire so monstrous—his alternative sexuality.

In order to make audiences sympathetic to the vampire monster, Coppola tries to make him human. As the eccentric aristocrat in London, Dracula ceases to be vampire, ceases to be monstrous; he becomes human. And humanity in this film is firmly identified with romantic heterosexual love.

Vampirism has a way of looking like a disease, and indeed, when Bram Stoker's novel was first published in 1890 there was a syphilis epidemic in London. *Dracula* has been read by some as the representation of fears of sexually transmitted diseases. The images of Lucy wasting away in *Dracula* connect with images of the sudden decline of David Bowie's character to a wasting disease in *The Hunger*. In other words, the association between blood and lust in vampire lore makes an obvious connection with AIDS. Vampirism, or the exchange of blood in the 1990's, is clearly an unsafe activity. But the fact that vampirism has once again surfaced as an image of dangerous sexuality suggests the pervasiveness of the rhetoric that surrounds epidemics, rather than the inherent danger in alternative sexual practices.

In recent years, Anne Rice has made her literary fortune from retellings of the vampire myth. Many of the vampires in her novels are queer, or, specifically, gay men. However, like Coppola, she makes the mistake of romanticizing the vampire. I understand the vampire to be a profoundly anti-romantic creature who is without love-based allegiances and lives only to lust another day.

While Rice's vampires are polysexual, the main focus of their vampirism is their ability to live forever. This is of course perfectly in accordance with the legend: vampires are called the undead or the *nosferatu*. They refuse to die and they feed upon mortal populations. Rice has fetishized the eternal youth aspect of vampires, making that into the most desirable facet of vampirism; but remember, the vampire is not described as "forever young," but as "undead."

(continued on page 41)

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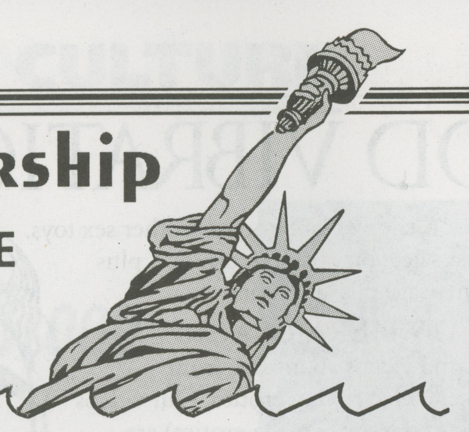
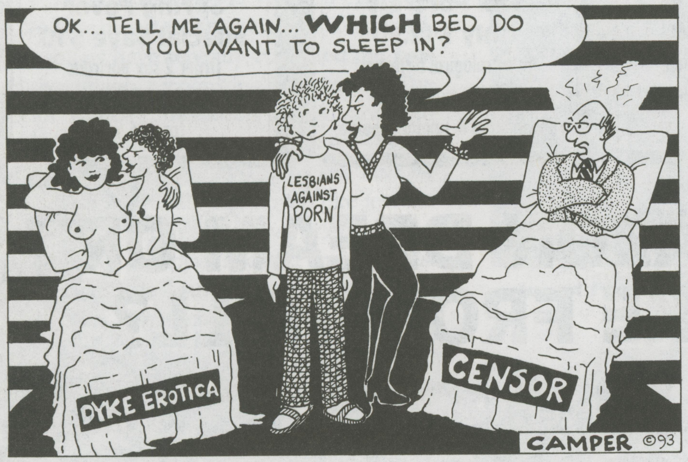
Censorship Update



by Marcy Sheiner

This column brings you information about the wave of censorship threatening and often stifling free expression. So that you can keep reading On Our Backs and other "subversive" materials, take a stand. Be informed. Fight censorship.



Canadian Crackdowns Continue

Last year the **Canadian Supreme Court** upheld a law saying pornography can be banned if it depicts the "subordination" of women; the group most frequently targeted under this so-called protectionist law has, of course, been women, particularly gay women. Items such as ***Bad Attitude*, Annie Sprinkle's** videos, AIDS education books, and reference works such as the ***Gay Book*** have been labeled "degrading" and banned. In what is seen as a crucial trial for gays and lesbians, **Glad Day Bookstore** and *Bad Attitude* went to court in December for five days of testimony; a decision in the case is expected mid-February, and the store's owner and former manager could be fined and given criminal records. Current manager ***Kimberly Mistysyn*** says that Glad Day could decide to stop carrying *Bad Attitude*, especially since **The Toronto Women's Bookstore** is now carrying the magazine along with ***On Our Backs, Quim, Black Lace,*** and ***Square Peg,*** all previously excluded from their shelves. No sooner had they changed their policy, though, than they were promptly raided, and copies of ***Hotbead Paisan*** seized. Still, the store continues to stick to its new policy, and in an explanatory press release the owners note that *"On Our Backs* has most notoriously become a symbol—both for the women who support its project and for the women who have called it (negatively) pornography." Thanks, gals—we hope everyone's consciousness keeps evolving.

DEBORAH FEINGOLD/OUTLINE

The Cosmo Woman & the Material Girl Crack Apartheid

The waves created by **Madonna's** treatise on sex are being felt far and wide. When the **South African** edition of the December ***Cosmopolitan,*** containing images from ***Sex,*** landed on the shores of that bastion of white male privilege, the five men on the **Publications Appeal Board** squirmed in their seats trying to decide whether or not to let it into the country. Lawyers for the state and for *Cosmo* faced off, with the latter arguing that "Body parts are not the focus and emphasis of these photographs.... When she challenges patriarchy, heterosexuality and white men, she strikes at power where it lives." The guys were apparently so freaked out they decided to just drop the whole thing: *Cosmo,* Madonna, and freedom of expression won. It remains to be seen how the strictly race-divided country will feel about such images as the blonde one gnawing the nipples of a bald black man.

Anti-Censorship Benefit Busted

Nina Hartley, along with ten other women who'd volunteered to perform for a **Free Speech Coalition** benefit, were arrested on charges of prostitution by six cops who somehow managed to sit through the four-hour show before deeming it "open and gross lewdness." None of the alleged "johns"—men who'd joined the performers onstage during the "Lingerie Show and Auction," were arrested or even identified. An arraignment is scheduled for Feburary 1st; **Bobby Lilly** of **Californians Against Censorship Together** hopes most of the charges will be dropped or reduced before or on that date.

Censorship Is The Best Publicity

The **ACLU's Arts Censorship Project** is negotiating with the **Michigan University Law School's** dean to reinstate an exhibit recently banned from a feminist symposium (see Censorship, January/February '93). The censored work presented prostitutes' voices on their lives and occupations, and included a tape by **Veronica Vera** that incorporated clips from porn films; its showing was vehemently opposed by **Catherine MacKinnon** and her league of prunes. The ACLU wants the school to schedule a second conference to discuss the issues raised by the incident. The experience has been somewhat positive for Vera, who says she's gotten great publicity. "It just shows," she says, "that censorship publicizes what it tries to repress."

Even more important, says Vera, is that the incident enabled her to establish ties with the anti-censorship network. "It brought into their consciousness," she says, "that **PONY (Prostitutes Organization of New York)** and other sex workers' rights groups are feminist groups." To find out more about PONY call **212-713-5678.**

Thanks to the following sources for much of the information contained in this column: Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD); Californians Against Censorship (Cal-Act); the ACLU; and *The Spectator*.

NewsNotes

by **Shar Rednour**

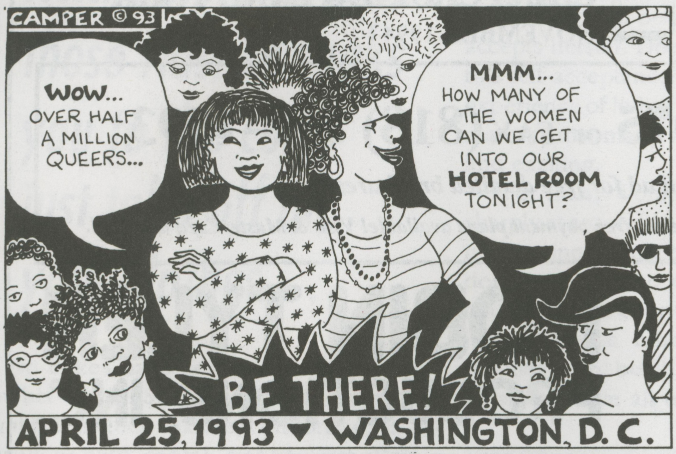
Beginner's LUST

New York hosted the first **Lesbians Undoing Sexual Taboos (LUST)** conference, inspired by a lesbian sexuality workshop at the **Creating Change Conference** in **Los Angeles** where it became clear that this topic alone needed all day (at least!) Though well organized, LUST unfortunately fell short of its goal to talk about sex: the panel leaders and participants were eager to talk about *writing* about sex, *theorizing* about sex, or *producing environments* for sex, but not much—ahem—hands-on information exchange occurred. Organizers and participants alike say that **Annie Sprinkle's** invitation to the audience to touch her G-spot was the highlight of the event; yet only one woman waved her hand frantically to be picked, and was stunned when she realized she was the only one jumping out of her seat. Organizer **Nan Buzard** says that hopefully this will be the first of many workshops to address a variety of topics, and will include more clear exchange of technique in the future. So, maybe it would help if they renamed it "Lesbians Undressing for Sex Together!"

Reserve D.C.—Politics & Parties Galore

Do you have your reservations to make history on April 25th? The turnout projections for the **Gay, Lesbian and Bisexual March on Washington '93** are over a million queers and growing. The schedule calls for politics on Sunday after partying on Saturday; since **Clinton's** election the parties are getting bigger and bigger. It's our prediction that March '93 will go down in history as a perverse political Woodstock. Saturday's events begin with what will hopefully be the world's largest union ceremony led by the founder of the **Metropolitan Community Church.** Sunday's morning stage will feature our very own **Mimi=Freed**, comedian and *On Our Backs* contributing writer, while *Pussy Tourette* is scheduled to perform on the main stage. Clinton's people have reserved a spot, but haven't yet revealed who will speak.

Down to business: The National Steering Committee has set out a platform of demands that includes legislation to end discrimination, repeal of laws condemning sex acts between consenting adults, and support of reproductive choice. **March '93 Headquarters** fears that the money demonstrators spend on other events will mean less in donations for them, so remember the reason you're there and *give.*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MMM... HOW MANY OF THE WOMEN CAN WE GET INTO OUR HOTEL ROOM TONIGHT?
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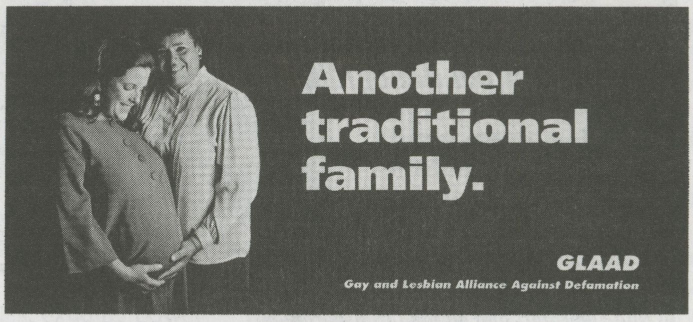
A Dyke Goes to Washington

San Francisco Supervisor **Roberta Achtenberg**, an open lesbian, has been named by **President Clinton** as Assistant Secretary for fair housing & equal opportunity in the **Department of Housing and Urban Development.** The country's gain is San Francisco's loss, as the city's conservative Mayor, **Frank Jordan**, is certain to appoint one of his own, not ours. Nonetheless, we're ecstatic over her appointment and other gay developments in Washington—politically speaking, we're coming up and out.

Look, Ma! We're Pregnant

"What those homosexuals do is their own business, but do they have to advertise it to everyone?" **The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation (GLAAD)** decided that, yes, we do, and have launched an extensive lesbian visibility drive that began with a billboard campaign. The first billboard, premiering in front of **San Francisco's City Hall**, depicts a black woman patting the belly of her pregnant white partner to illustrate the diversity of the modern American family. Billboards are only the beginning, though—GLAAD's goal is to flood the media with magazine ads, organize speakers' bureaus, and use every opportunity to show lesbians in all walks of life. Anyone interested in participating in the lesbian visibility campaign contact GLAAD at (415) 861-4588.


Another traditional family.
GLAAD
Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation

The Hate State Avalanche

Did they think we would just roll over and die? Amendment 2 in **Colorado,** which legally prevents any state public institution, including schools, transit departments, and other public service agencies from forbidding discrimination on grounds of homosexuality, started an avalanche of pro-gay support. **Barbra Streisand** threw the first snowball by calling on the artistic community to refuse to perform in Colorado, and despite a court injunction preventing the Amendment's implementation, the boycott is still on and gaining speed. In addition to tourists and entertainers, over 15 cities, including New York, San Francisco, Chicago, and Los Angeles have forbidden public officials from meeting for business in Colorado; some, such as Atlanta, have included an economic boycott as well. As of February 1st, 30 million dollars in convention money alone had been lost.

Judge Jeff Bayless granted the injunction request after a suit financially sponsored by **Colorado Legal Initiatives Project (CLIP).** After four days of emotional testimony he found that passage could place gays and lesbians in danger of violence and discrimination. Plaintiffs in the suit include a woman with AIDS, **Martina Navratilova,** and the cities of Aspen, Denver, and Boulder.

Boycott Colorado stresses that the state is really a testing ground for towns and cities all across the country. In Oregon, 34 cities and counties will be voting on similar measures in May. To offer support or get info call CLIP at (303) 830-2100, or Boycott Colorado at (303) 777-0560.

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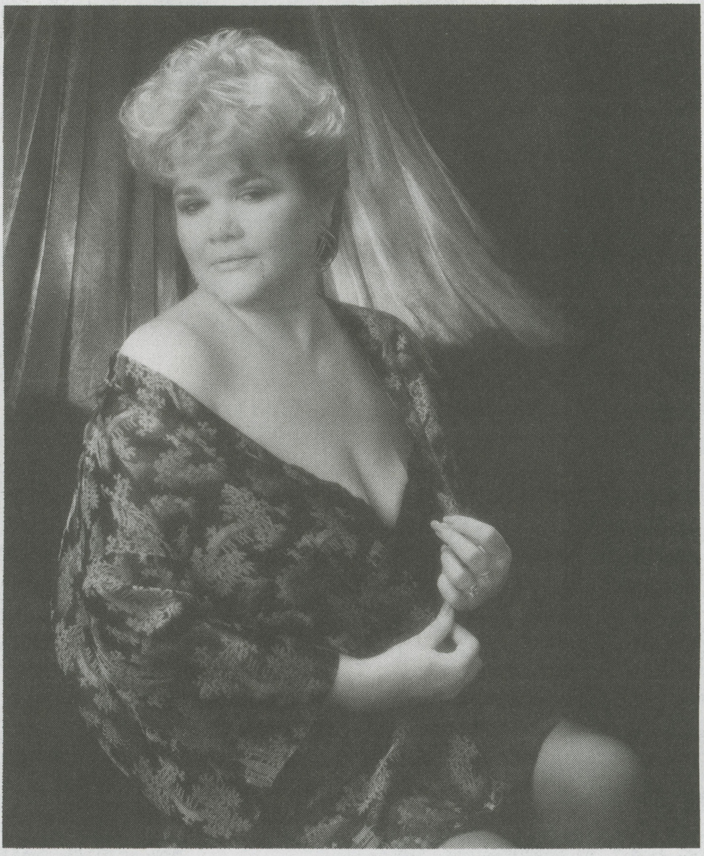
FLASHING

BY RISA DENENBERG



IMAGES BY SUE ANN

You are at a wonderful party with many exciting women dancing, eating, drinking, and enjoying each other. Across the room, a dark-haired beauty catches your eye. Her neck is flushed, and a bead of perspiration lies upon her upper lip, which outlines a faint growth of hair that you find tremendously attractive. At a glance, you decide that she is wet all over. Staring directly into your eyes, she suddenly opens her red silk blouse to reveal a gorgeous black bustier. With a meaningful glance, she exits the room. Of course, you follow. Moments later, you find her in the hostess' bedroom, gazing out the open window. A full moon splashes light across the bed. You stride over to her and lift the blouse off her shoulders; she smiles gratefully. Soon you are embracing and sharing soft, wet kisses. Only later do you find out that she wasn't flirting with you at all; she was simply having a hot flash.

> **Next time one of those flashes soaks you to the core, just take off all your clothes...**

Do dykes have sex after menopause? You bet we do. Sexual images of lesbians at midlife include mature, comforting, satisfying; or wild, casual, crazed. First affair after ten years of unhappy monogamy. Reaching career pinnacles, exuding power and self-confidence. Lonely and bewildered, left out of the punk dykette scene.

I sing the praises of older women. Salt-and-pepper hair gives me the shivers. Solidity: a woman who knows who she is and what she wants. Who can afford to listen without judging, comparing, competing, or engaging in psychodrama. A woman who doesn't wish to become you, because she accepts herself. Does age grant each of us this self-acceptance? Of course not. But the experience of living is the foundation of the maturity that many women find comforting and exciting.

For many women, sex drive increases sharply at around 40. When we see our lives moving inexorably toward middle age, we don't have time to waste trying out things that don't work for us, or engaging in sex just to please others. It's rumored that femmes turn butch after 40; maybe this means that we all turn in the direction of getting more of what we want, expressing desire more openly and honestly, and experimenting out of that desire rather than engaging in the risk-taking behavior endemic to youth.

In the midst of this mature, enriching, and competent sexuality comes—welcome or not—the changes of menopause. How each woman views this transition is affected by many things, including health, lifestyle, the media, attitude, and family and friends. Big changes are never easy to embrace and navigate. Change means facing fear of the unknown.

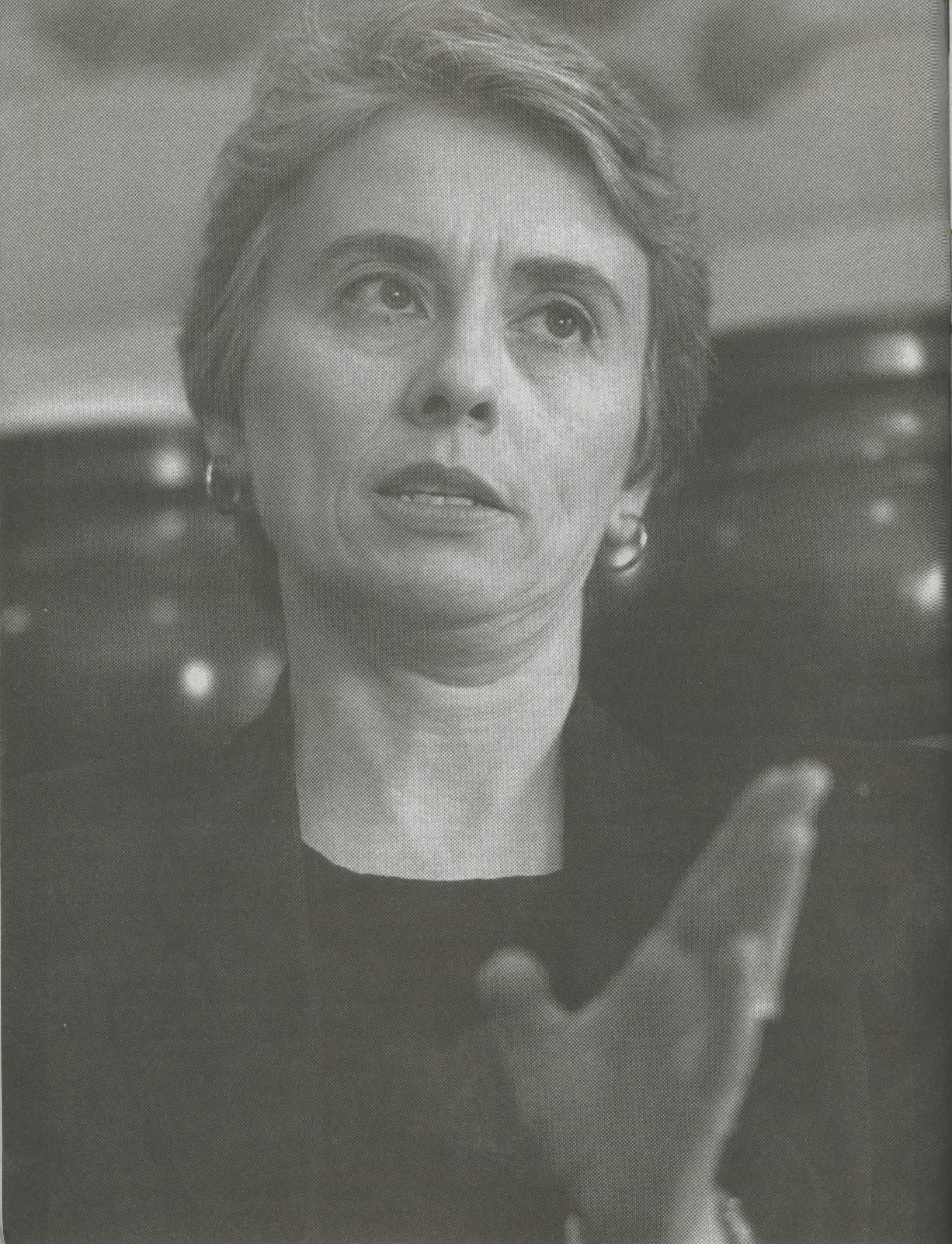
Consider the way you viewed an earlier transition, the menarche. For most of us, the worst thing about beginning our periods was lack of information and inability to discuss it openly. Many changes were occurring in our bodies, seemingly without warning. Rising sexual feelings were not always welcomed and understood. All in all, it was a time of confusion and exploration.

Menopause can be equally unsettling and confusing. Fears abound, many of them related to our sexuality:

I'll get fat and my skin will wrinkle
I'll dry up and sex will stop feeling good
I won't want sex anymore
No one will want me anymore

Although many women will live 30 or more years beyond the natural end of their periods, menopause is associated with aging. And aging does not have many positive connotations in our culture, although in some cultures elders are revered. Of course, menopause has different meanings for lesbians than for straight women. Hets are much more likely to buy into the idea that their fertility is their identity, so the end of menstruation equals the end of womanhood.

(continued on page 44)



INTERVIEW WITH AN UZI:

Camille Paglia Talks at Mimi=Freed

Camille Paglia has some valid points to make. The problem is, she's got so much ammunition that instead of aiming directly at the target, she walks in and sprays the room. How did a Professor of Humanities from the University of Arts in Philadelphia make such a media splash?

Sexual Personae *served as her ten-pound calling card. It is a scholarly tome whose ambitious goal is to identify an underlying continuity throughout all of Western art and culture. Although the book itself is too academic for the 30-second world of mass communications, it has served as a national introduction for Paglia. She's been portrayed as the voice of dissent in modern-day feminism, and claims to be riding on the crest of "The Third Wave." She's been dismissed by the founders of feminism, though; Susan Faludi has labeled Paglia's essays and media antics part of the backlash against American women. During her stand-up lecture the evening before our interview she insisted that "The task of the feminist individual is to attack the current feminist ideology."*

If books could kill, her second, Sex, Art and the American Culture, *would wipe out any trace of feminism in the last 20 years. According to Paglia, the view afforded by current feminism is one of "victim-centered ideology." She constantly attacks Gloria Steinem and Susan Sontag for cutting her out of the movement, betraying her own feelings of victimhood—just one of many contradictions that make up this self-proclaimed "superior female intellect of our time."*

But some of what she is saying is compelling. She's not asking, she's demanding that women see the goal of reaching equality with men by usurping male power/privilege as shallow compared to women's inherent power. This rather impressive foundation of Paglia's thought is usually lost in translation of her angry diatribes. She's practically begging, albeit antagonistically, for women to "Wake up! Fight me; fight what's going on; FIGHT!"

Interviewing Paglia isn't easy. She has a full agenda, and leaves little room for any challenges. But we wanted to provide her with yet another forum, because we hoped that in the pages of On Our Backs *Paglia would feel uncensored, and could express herself directly to lesbians. That she did—and more.—M=F*

> *"I'm 45 years old. I'm not going to be screwing around with 20 year-old girls now. I'm not going to go and have these orgy scenes."*

Editors Note: Camille Paglia punctuates every idea with "okay?" or "all right?" In the interests of brevity and lucidity, most of these have been edited from the text.

Mimi=Freed: Your tone was very different last night—kind of a welcome difference.

Camille Paglia: From what?

M=F: From your normal style.

CP: You don't know what my "normal" style is. You don't have any information about me. I have a number of different tones, okay? Let's get this clear right now. Number one, I'm a scholar—I have a certain tone in *Sexual Personae*. Number two, I write for the media and I have a certain tone in media articles. Number three, I have a hot temper—I'm Italian—in interviews. Number four, when I go out as a lecturer, I'm a performer. All of them have different tones. I will not take anything condescending from you, or I will walk out of here, okay? I'm not aware that you were at any other lecture of mine before this.

M=F: I wasn't at a lecture, but I have been studying you and reading your work and watching interviews with you.

CP: There's a lot of crap in the air from the feminist establishment—they have all these views of me.

M=F: Don't automatically assume that I'm the feminist establishment, okay?

CP: Right, right, go ahead. I hope we've got something good here. Otherwise it's going to be terminated.

M=F: We'll start with sex because you're speaking to a lesbian sex magazine. I've read disparaging comments that have been attributed to you about lesbian sex.

CP: It wasn't lesbian sex.

M=F: I'm talking about *The Vanity Fair* quotes: "Lesbian sex is inert."?

CP: That is not my quote. See what I mean? Was that in quotation marks? The lack of professional ability to read what I have actually said, the misquotes that have been going on about me! The original quote is in my new book. I'm speaking there about the "tendency" of exclusive homosexuality.

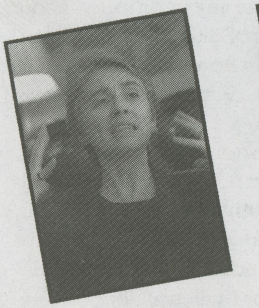
[The quote she's referring to is: "Lesbianism, seeking a lost state of blissful union with the mother, is cozy, regressive, and, I'm sorry to say, too often intellectually enervating, tending toward the inert." (pp. 23-24) Sex, Art and the American Culture.] ➤

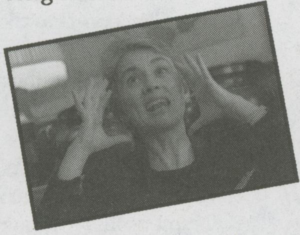
PHOTOS BY PHYLLIS CHRISTOPHER

Donna Minkowitz said that I called lesbians "pathological"—an incredible hallucination. If you look very closely, I've said "exclusive lesbianism." What I was talking about is not lesbian sex per se, which I uphold, have always endorsed, and am trying to spread. What I was talking about was identity politics, this idea of "gay" vs. "straight," that these are absolutely firm categories. I don't accept these firm categories. I did once, 25 years ago.

M=F: You did once?

CP: Twenty-five years ago I thought that if you were attracted to women, you'd have to be gay. And I discovered that all I was doing was struggling with my natural impulses to be attracted to men. I don't get along with men, which is why I don't have relationships with them. My love life is lesbian. But I have been observing—and I'm one of the pioneers of the sexual revolution, I was out there as an open lesbian—and I do not feel that exclusive lesbianism strengthens a personality in the long run. Rather it stunts women. I am not criticizing these women. I want women to fall in love with other women. What I am saying is that women have got to open up to men again, and realize that this separation of lesbian feminism over here, and the real world over here, has not led to anything but the absolute diminution of lesbian power.





M=F: Does this apply also to gay men?

CP: No, no. Gay men have their sexual world, but they are part of the general culture. From the moment that lesbian feminism defined the general culture as patriarchy, it got itself off into this completely helpless and pathetic burrow where you have a million women, all off on their own, in their own world, not making any impact on the general culture.

Now the idea is that the general culture is patriarchy, and has to be resisted. But the pre-Stonewall lesbians and I have this vibe with each other. Every time I meet one—like Robin Tyler in London, or Lillian Faderman, who did the only intelligent feminist review of *Sexual Personae,* we have a vibe with each other. We recognize that we came from a moment in the history of homosexuality when you had these butch lesbians who got along with men.

M=F: They got along with men in what way?

CP: They liked men, men liked them, and men respected them. They would sit down and talk with men.

M=F: Gay men? All men?

CP: No, no, men. Heterosexual men. Actual men, Okay? Real heterosexual men. The men liked them for their directness. They respected it. That was the period of the butch-femme dichotomy. And that is my period. These were not women who made excuses, who said "The patriarchy, the patriarchy." They accepted this world.

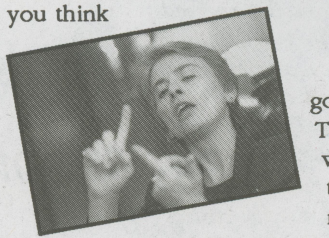
M=F: Would you define "this world?"

CP: The entire history of mankind, the entire history of civilization. I do not accept that as patriarchy. The word "patriarchy" has a specific meaning that applies to something like republican Rome—which truly was a patriarchy, where all the economic power was in men's hands.

M=F: Have you met anybody who you feel romantic about, or who you can connect with intellectually?

CP: Nothing. Zilch. Zero. And yet, I can go into a bar and end up in a huge, long discussion with a gay man who dropped out of school at 14.

M=F: Why is that? Do you think that he has a better mind, or is it that you have a different agenda when you're approaching a lesbian in a lesbian bar?



CP: Male homosexuality is basically bitchy and judgmental. There's an element of competitiveness and aggression that makes it hard for them to have relationships and leads to all the problems in the gay male community. So when a guy becomes gay, because that world is so judgmental and so cruel, their I.Q. is raised. The I.Q. is fluid—it's not something absolutely innate and fixed.

M=F: But so is sexuality.

CP: Let me finish. So what you've got here is, your I.Q. is raised, you become more judgmental, it refines the brain. That's why, in my opinion, I can talk to gay men, because their language is competitive. They have opinions. They have taste. They talk about the general culture. They'll talk about politics and movies and antiques and Lana Turner or whatever.

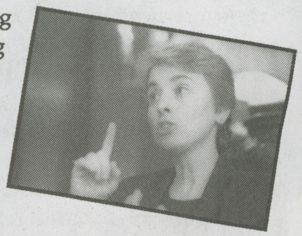
M=F: And you don't see lesbians doing that?

CP: Are you asking me or what? I'm trying to tell you, in a limited amount of time here, what my theories are. The other part of my theory is that when you enter the lesbian feminist world, you are taught to unhook the brain. It is about mother, about acceptance, about not making judgments. You go into lesbian feminism and you are taught not to make discriminations. You're taught to be accepting of everything. And a woman's IQ drops, because of this dull acceptance. And that's what lesbian feminist ideology is all about. I mean, when I began trying to be a lesbian in the late '60s, all my gay male friends and I were starting together.

M=F: Where were the lesbians?

CP: Are you here to interview me or what? I'm trying to give you the story.

All right. We tried to create this world of homosexual desire. The men found incredible numbers of sexual contacts. I did not. If I were young now, obviously I would not have the difficulty I had then, because there's far more lesbianism. But I'm 45 years old. I'm not going to be screwing around with 20 year-old girls now. I'm not going to go and have these orgy scenes. There was a point when I would have been delighted to have done that, but I'm not at that point in my life now. I want to go to bed with women. When I go into a bar, I want to pick someone up. I'm not going in there to get into a group. What I began realizing was that when you go into a lesbian bar, you cannot just pick up anyone—you've got to get in with the damn crowd. They're playing volleyball, they're playing softball, they're going to these women's music things, and on and on and on.



M=F: Is that your absolute view of the lesbian community?

CP: I have a friend who lives in Provincetown, and who went through a lesbian phase of seven years and then back to men. A lot of my information comes from the Provincetown world. She says anyone who believes that lesbians are individualistic should go to Lesbian Weekend up there. She said it's absolutely unbelievable, the dreariness.

When a girl is sleeping with another girl, in her freshman year or something, I'm saying: Keep sleeping with the girl, but do not identify yourself as gay. Do not enter the world of lesbian feminism, because that is mental death. You will stop growing as a thinker the moment you enter that world.

M=F: Yet if she aligns herself with gay men, you say her IQ will be raised?

CP: No. She should go on being with women, and also settle her problems with men. I'm not saying be with men, just settle your problems with them. Women in the lesbian world are not at all encouraged to resolve their problems with men. On the contrary: men are caricatured, men are pilloried. The only men they are familiar with are the men with a feminist agenda, and as far as I'm concerned, these are misogynists. Men who are afraid of women love the feminist agenda, because it allows them to feel strong and benevolent, helping the "poor victim women," when the fact is that women are the dominant sex. Men are tiny in power compared to women. That's not what you're being taught in lesbian feminism.

M=F: You've gone on record saying about men, that, "his sexuality is one of hunter, pursuit, capture," and you talk about male lust. And then when it comes to female sexuality, you kind of blow it off with "She's cosmic." You don't talk about women's power specifically.

CP: I think that women have the capacity for a full body response. This is widely known outside of the history of lesbianism. Women's sexuality is not focused at the genitals. It's in my book, in Chapter One, it's right there! Man is notoriously compartmentalized in his sexuality, genitally focused. Woman's eroticism is diffused throughout her body.

I believe exclusive lesbianism has underneath it a depressiveness, that is, a blocking against the father. One of my friends, a life-long lesbian, said to me, "Lesbianism is either you had too much tit or not enough." There's some relationship with mother there.

M=F: Do you agree with her?

CP: Yeah.

M=F: Also your Provincetown friend—do you agree with her?

CP: I have to say, I'm beginning to feel that it's true, the notorious humorlessness of lesbians—not all lesbians, but of a lot of them. Their inability to find me funny, for example. People who are balanced, who have comprehensive personalities, can find someone funny and provocative and entertaining even when they're attacking their assumptions. I have exposed so many problems in the lesbian community, not just from what I'm saying, but from people's reactions to me. A gay male reporter in Seattle told me, "Some friendships of mine are probably over because these lesbian friends went crazy that I was coming to interview you. They said, 'she's a fascist, you should not interview her, she should not be allowed to speak at the University of Washington, she should not be allowed to publish.'" And then he said, "Have you looked at her book?" And they said, "No! We're not going to look at her book!"

This absolute inability to read the book, and the idea that somehow I'm praising gay men and trashing lesbians—I made sure there was not one single group in my book that I did not offend. This is what intellectual critique is.

M=F: You think it's only the lesbian community that is unable to understand your academic breadth? I mean, most of America would never be able to pick up your book—black, white, gay or otherwise.

CP: America is reading my articles and finding things very amusing. But the lesbian community is saying, "We don't like her because this is our agenda." Has there ever been greater conformists since the 1950s?

M=F: You might find, in this magazine's audience, a level of agreement that certain parts of feminism seem akin to religious conservatism.

CP: Where are you? Where are all of you? Where has *On Our Backs* been through this date rape thing? I don't notice anyone, Okay?

M=F: What are you asking them specifically to do?

CP: Where's Pat Califia in all this date rape thing? Pat Califia is a smart woman, a very smart woman, who can write in a lucid way. Where has she been for the last two years?

M=F: About date rape specifically?

CP: See what I mean? There's a national hysteria over date rape!

M=F: It was your example.

CP: So where is she? Susie Bright finally has a few things in the new book, about Anita Hill, for example. This was an enormous moment for the pro-sex wing of feminism to leap in, on the Anita Hill thing as well as the date rape thing! Two huge things have gone by that have absolutely galvanized the nation!

[Editors Note: On Our Backs *ran an editorial on the Thomas/Hill hearings. See Jan/Feb '92]*

M=F: Aren't you assuming that everyone has access to the media?

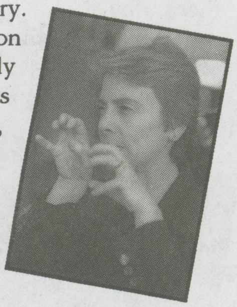
CP: Oh that's such bullshit! Do you think I have access to the media? What are you talking about?

[She's had more access than Murphy Brown's baby!—M=F]

M=F: But Camille, you yourself have admitted that you couldn't get published for 20 years! How can you assume that the rest of us will be able to just walk right in and get published?

CP: Oh come on. You've got to be kidding. I mean, anyone can submit articles, op-ed pieces for the *Times*.

M=F: That doesn't mean they're going to be published.



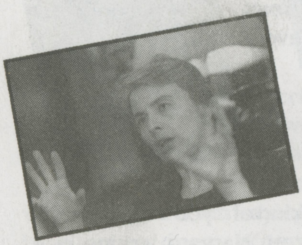
CP: No, I'm sorry. Look, you can't go on like that! Are you really claiming that the pages of the *New York Times*, which have had every kind of...you've had people from Harvard writing in it, you've had people from everywhere writing in, you've had Naomi Wolf writing in—they try and they try, finally they get placed, okay? Total inertness! "We don't care about what's going on in the general culture. We are so hip, we are so fabulous, we have our own world." The general culture is going to hell. Young women are coming out brainwashed with the MacKinnon line! Do you realize that in this time all of you have been doing what you're doing here, Catharine MacKinnon has written another book? It is an incredibly impressive book. It is horrible because it is so logical. It is so cold. It is so drained of sex, of art, of imagination—and it's on the reserved shelves of all the colleges! The indifference you all have to all this! The indifference! "Oh no, it's all right, we don't care. We know that we're fine. We don't care about her. We don't care that the entire media is under the control of Gloria Steinem and Catharine MacKinnon." The pro-sex wing of lesbian feminism has got to wake up and study the way the world works and say, "We are going to change the world."

Pat Califia should have been out there! Susie Bright should have been out there! Where are they? Why am I the only voice out there fighting the date rape propaganda? Everyone has been talking about nothing but date rape and Anita Hill for two years now! But no, you are all so fabulous, "We have our own magazine, we are great, we are fine, we have our own world," and that's what I'm saying is a disaster. That's why someone like me is supposed to come along and wake everyone up and say, no more of this. Ask me another question. Go ahead.

M=F: I want to talk about Yale, women, and motherhood— how you said Yale is contaminating women's minds.

CP: Something has gone wrong in the last 20 years. What has happened overall is the collapsing of the extended family into the nuclear family.

A whole generation of young people are culturally stranded. It's not just feminism that's done that to them. Feminism is something they're grabbing onto to explain to them why they feel miserable. But their misery is not coming from the patriarchy alone. Huge things have collapsed.



So what you have now is a whole generation of young people who are absolutely lost. They arrive in college, they are being told, "You are the new leaders. You are the new feminist wave." They're trained to think of their lives in terms of four years in college, then more professional school. Keep postponing marriage and family. And they're trying to decide, do I want to get married? Do I want to have children? If so, when? They have nothing to tell them what it is to be a woman— except current feminism. And current feminism, I maintain, is not worthy of the great tradition of 200 years of feminism. There have been major thinkers in the history of feminism, major minds.

M=F: Is there a new feminist ideology you want them to hang on to about their own sexuality, and what is it?

CP: We need a total restructuring of the feminist ideology of the last 20 years. We have to look backwards and decide, what is feminism?

M=F: Why do you say it's a fight against? What if you could say, "Here's the Third Wave of feminism?"

CP: Any young woman who reads my work before she gets to women's studies is going to be saved from women's studies.

M=F: Are you her only option?

CP: I'm freeing her mind to think for herself.

M=F: Are you the only one who can do that for her?

CP: Do you honestly think the works of Susie Bright or Pat Califia or *On Our Backs* are a counterweight to Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin? If you think that, just go and look at the reading assignment list, the reserved book list. I am out there on the East Coast. I'm seeing what they're reading. It is appalling the garbage these young girls are getting. Appalling! You really are not aware of the weight of the academic system in this country, which I have been trying to reform for 20 years. It's so puritanical, so ideal-ridden, so completely divorced from the body and the sensory. Catharine MacKinnon fits right into it!. The revolution has to come when pro-sex lesbians begin to get serious about the war of ideas. Get serious about it! Stop badmouthing me, and get out there and start fighting in the trenches, in the media, in the newspaper itself, start submitting op-ed pieces and stop with this stupid cliche "We lesbians can't get access to the media."

M=F: *On Our Backs* would invite you to address, in your own written essay, directly, what you want to say.

CP: I don't have time to write anything more than I have done. I'm willing to be interviewed, but I don't have time to do any more of this writing.

M=F: But it's for a different magazine. This is a different opportunity.

CP: I don't care. I've really had it with the gay press. I'm not writing any more pieces for it, after my experience.

M=F: I'm sorry to hear that. Because that's kind of hiding behind a victim thing.

CP: I'm not hiding behind a victim thing. I am just saying that I don't have any trust.

M=F: Okay. A couple of direct hit questions. You've said that "My anger against men is absolutely upfront." You've also said "Mainstream feminism wants male approval." Don't you want male approval? Don't you attempt to emulate men?

CP: No.

M=F: Then name your anger against men.

CP: That is so vulgar, this idea that "she's male-identified, and she wants male approval."

M=F: Last night you said, "The task of every individual, whether they're intellectual or not, is to seek the truth." How many people do that? How many working class people? Lesbian, feminist, straight, gay?

CP: Oh please.

M=F: Not many people.

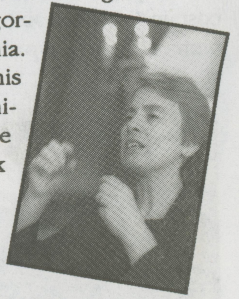
CP: I think that's ridiculous. I mean in the '60s there was a whole generation looking for something.

M=F: But this is the '90s. People are recovering from the '80s, when they were fiscally oppressed.

CP: Oh, please. Oh God, I don't want to listen to any more cliches. Ask me questions, just please don't tell me your beliefs. You obviously are an intelligent person, and you have energy, but you have no idea how your mind is so filled with cliches.

M=F: Camille, I'm not coming from what you consider the rigorous training of academia.

CP: I know, but this is the way lesbian feminism gives us entire theories of cliches. Ask me something else.



M=F: All right. Are you having an active sex life?

CP: I'm having a lot of trouble as usual. It's one of the deep disappointments of my life. Before my book was out I was talking about my problems, and some of my close friends were saying, "Oh when this book comes out it's going to be the biggest personal ad in the world." I thought, "Interesting women are going to find me. It's going to be fabulous." Ha!

M=F: Maybe they're afraid you would masturbate and not include them.

CP: Oh, please. Mostly I have gotten men who are interested in a dominatrix. A few women have written, but the combination is never quite right.

M=F: What are you looking for, then?

CP: Well, you know, now and then I'll get an intelligent letter from a woman. I just don't get the right combination. There's always something a little off.

M=F: What is "off"? You getting what you want?

CP: I can't explain it.

M=F: You're used to fighting. Would it be too easy, to get what you want?

(continued on page 40)

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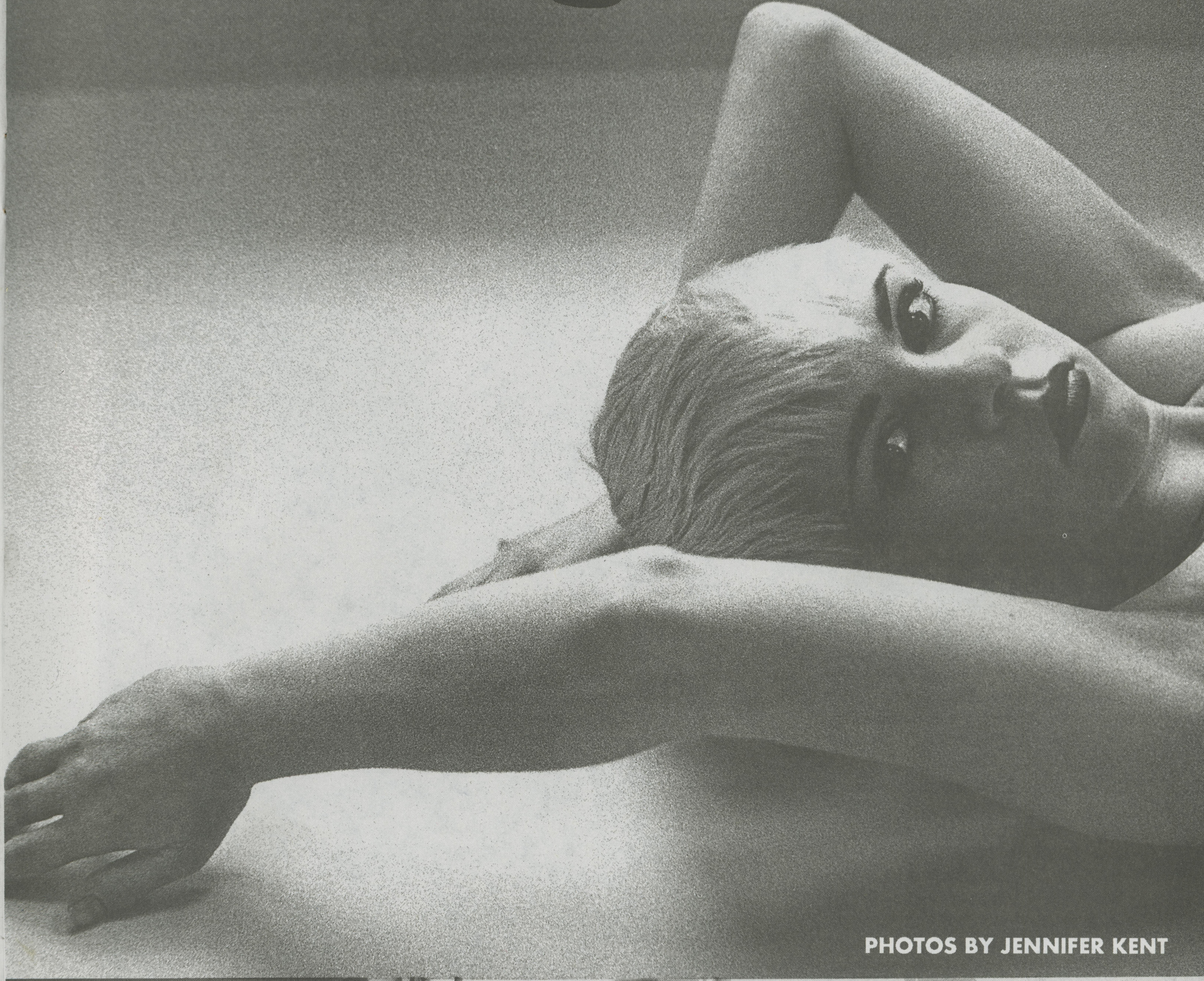

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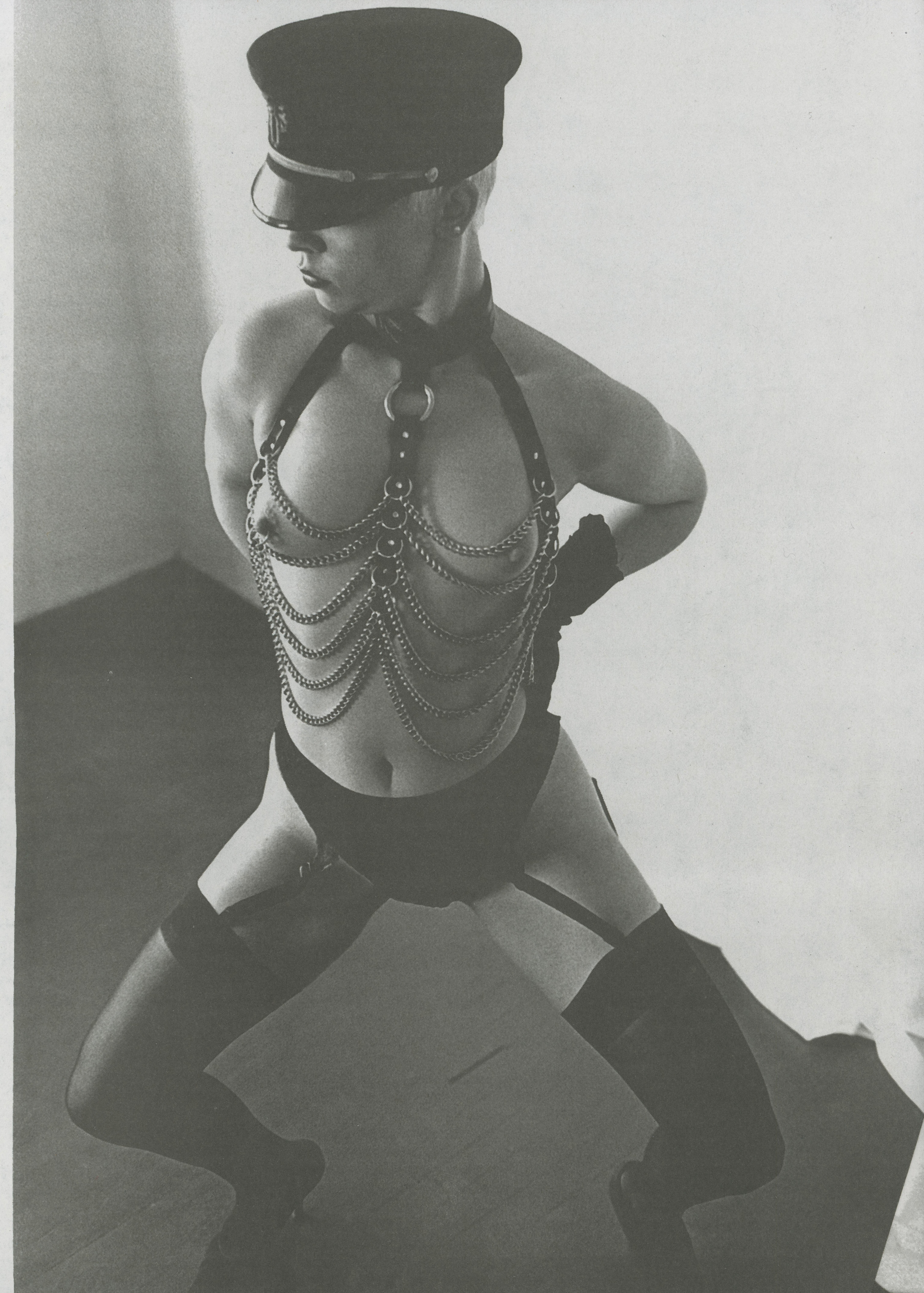

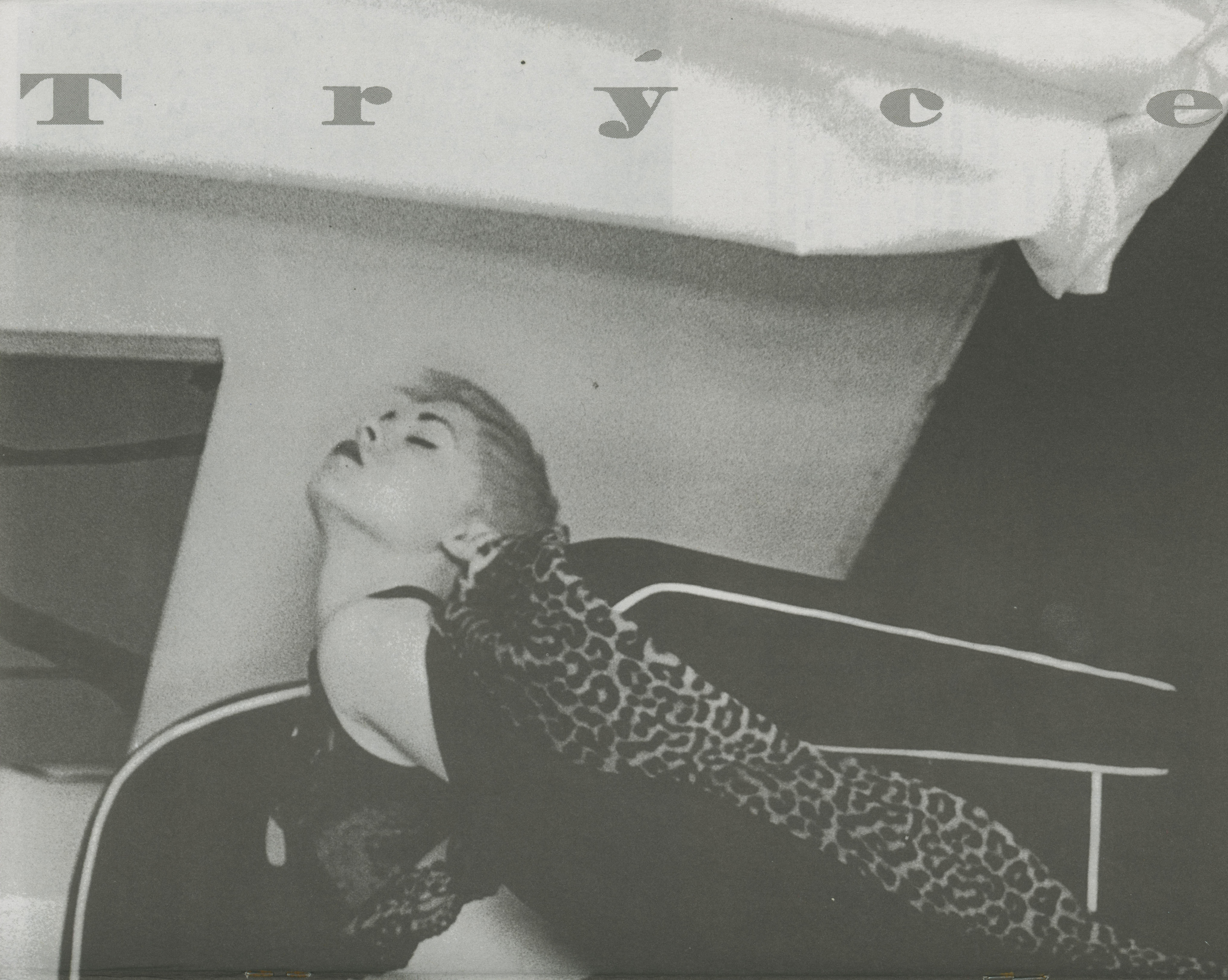

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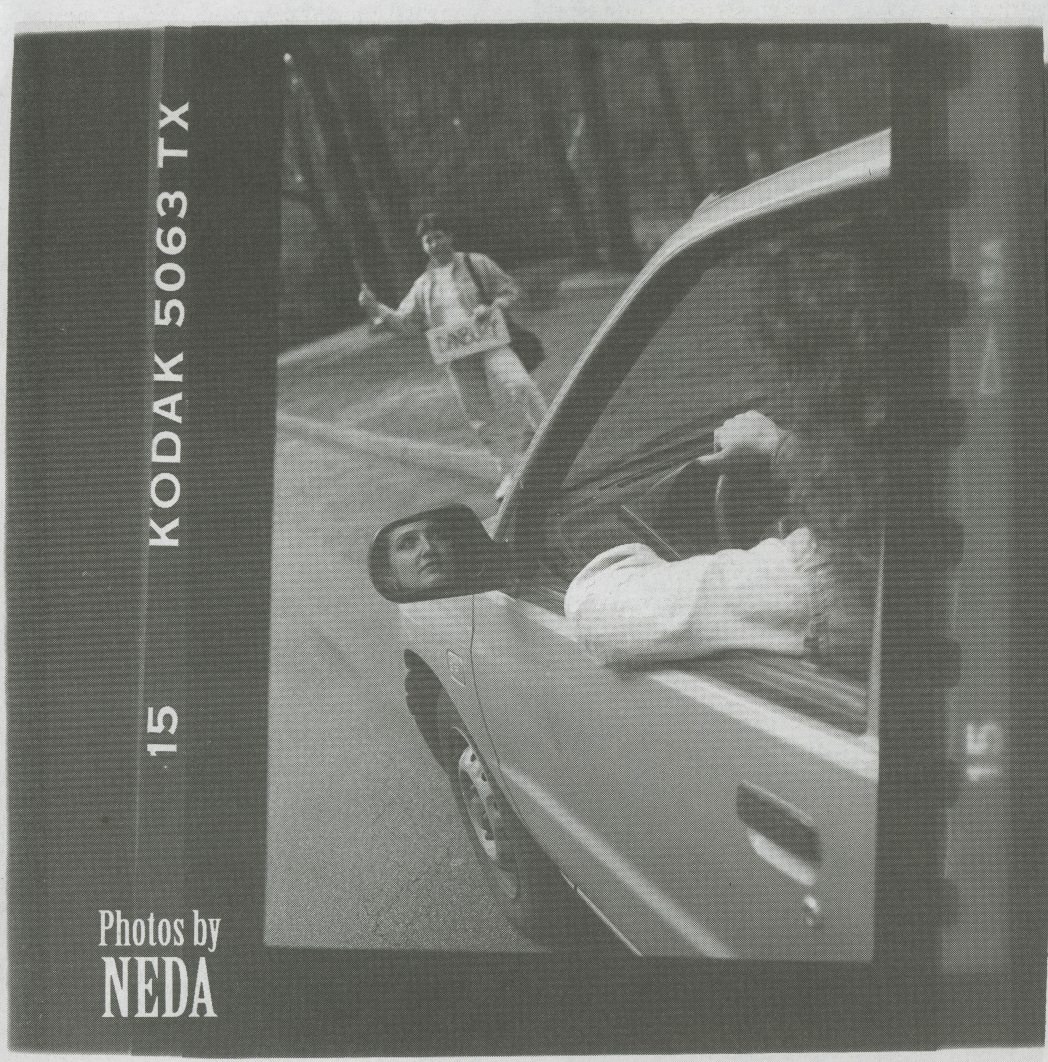
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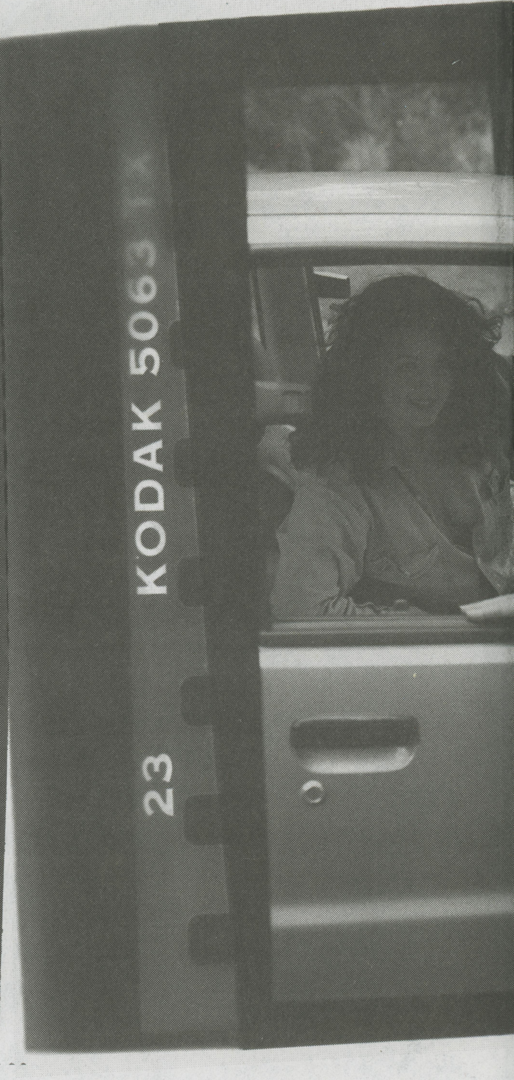
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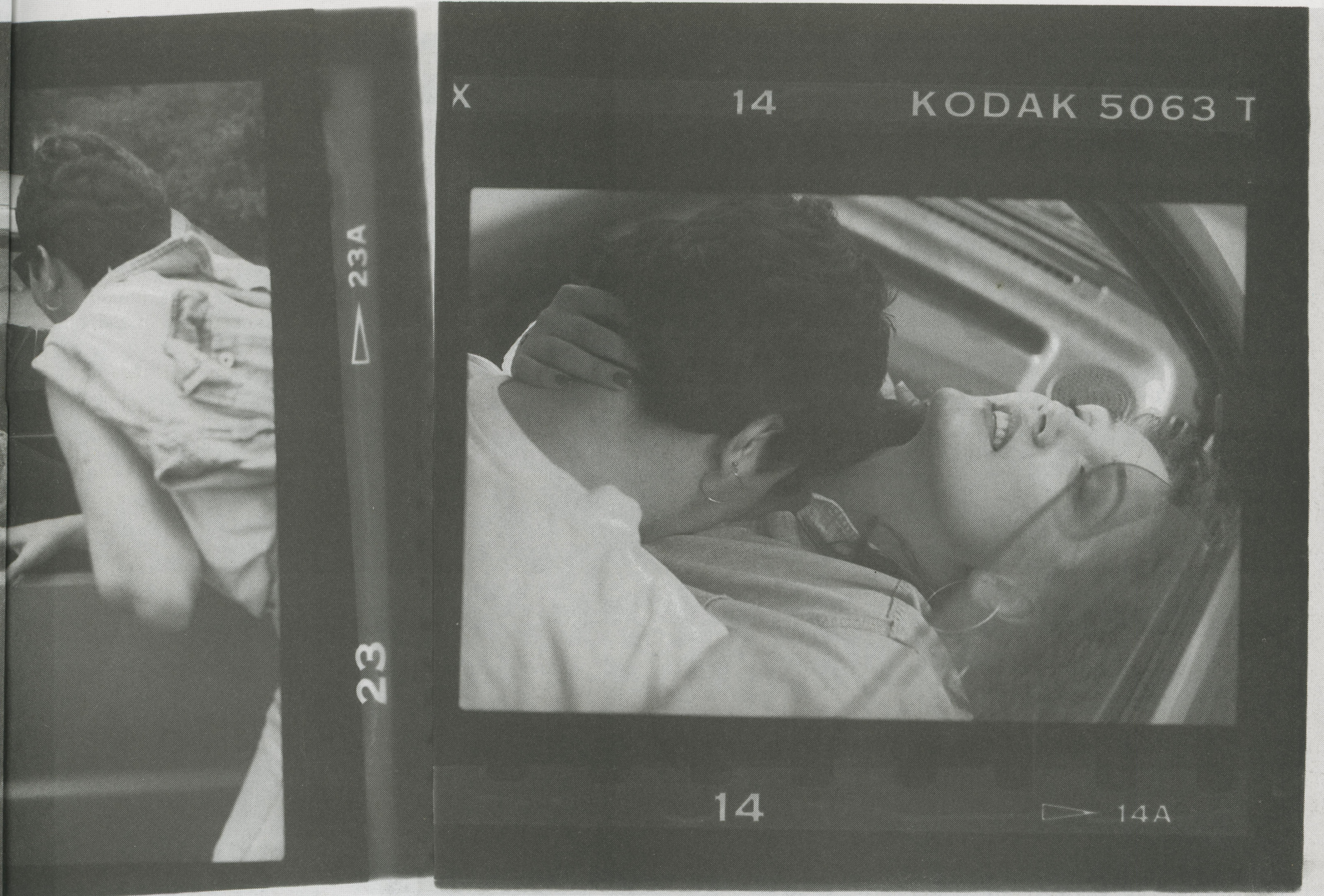
Danbury or Bust

If she could fuck like she could kiss, I would definitely not be sorry.



Fiction by

G.C.Dellatte

I knew I'd get sick of the bullshit eventually. This on-again, off-again bed partner thing was more then depressing—it was boring as hell. If I had my way, this argument would have been the last.

Of course, fleeing in my big old blazer wasn't the mature, dykely thing to do—but for *me* it was.

I sped eastbound on I-84, zipping through the lush, green Catskills. They were still breathtaking, even in this crappy, overcast weather. This road was a favorite of mine: a gently sloping, easy drive through the valley. Perfect for heavy thinking.

The sight of a hitchhiker on the side of the road slowed me down. I was in the habit of stopping for female hikers if they looked safe. After all, that was how I'd gotten myself from a rural college to city bars.

She slouched against a marker pole, holding a sign that said "Danbury." She was big, dark-haired, and olive-skinned. I tapped the horn and ground to a halt in the road's gravel shoulder, about 50 yards past her. This might prove interesting.

In the rearview mirror, I watched her jog to the passenger door. The motion of her body was compact, despite the fluid bounce of her large breasts beneath a cut-up t-shirt. She yanked the door open and hopped in.

"Wow, thanks, hon!" She smiled brilliantly. I looked in her eyes, which were green as emeralds. The door slammed shut, and she placed the knapsack at her feet.

"No problem," I replied. "Going to Danbury, I see."

"Right on. You?"

I shrugged, fiddling with the radio. "I don't know. I'm just wandering. Danbury sounds good."

My passenger laughed. "I hear ya."

I drove on awhile. Neither of us spoke. Surreptitously, I took her inventory: shredded jeans, work boots, sliced-up black t-shirt. Not bad. She had several jailhouse tattoos on each arm: *"Bad Bitch." "Annie '82."* Hmm. Sufficiently butch. My mind started to wonder what it would be like to lean over her body and...

I looked back at the road. "Got a name?"

"Uh, yeah," she said, pursing her full lips.

I burst into laughter. "Well, what is it?"

"Oh, sorry!" She flushed crimson. "I'm Jasmine. They call me Jazzy."

"Nice to meet you. I'm Pam."

"Howdy."

I took a deep breath and a long look at her. The musky scent of her cologne made me heady, and her muscular body did nothing to cool my state of mind. A clap of thunder jerked me from my reverie. ➤

I squinted ruefully at the gathering of dense, gray-black clouds overhead. "Well, Jazzy, the weather doesn't look too promising."

"You got that right," she agreed, leaning forward to get a better look at the stormy sky. "Lucky thing you picked me up. I'd be a drowned rat pretty soon."

Presently, raindrops specked the windshield. Fog descended through the valley and over the road, making driving increasingly difficult. The miles melted away behind us as the rainfall escalated to a downpour. I could no longer see past the front of the truck. I remembered the upcoming rest area, and considered the situation.

"Listen," I said by way of preliminaries. Jazzy paid close attention. "There's a rest stop about a mile up. Maybe it'd be safer to hang out awhile and let this pass. What do you think?"

"Hey," she said with a hands-off gesture of submission, "you're the boss."

"Yes, but if you're in a rush..."

Jazzy chuckled. "She'll just have to be patient."

I nodded and pulled off the road, followed the asphalt past several semis and around to the edge of the woods. Nosing in, I cut the engine.

"This is real nice of you." Jazzy drummed her fingers on the dashboard. "Most females would be scared to pick me up."

"Why?" I asked casually, though I knew what she meant. Sitting sideways, I scrutinized her. She was even better looking close up. "Is there something I should know?"

Jazzy put her elbows on her knees, and our faces were mere inches apart. "Only that I don't have a way to repay you for the ride."

"Oh, I'm sure we can work something out."

"I hear ya, hon."

A lazy, knowing smile spread across her full lips; the look in her eyes was easy to read. I reached out to put a hand on her taut bicep. She responded in kind. Our lips met, softly at first as if testing for willingness, then with increasing intensity. Her probing tongue laved my mouth.

If she could fuck like she could kiss, I would definitely not be sorry.

I moved to the back of the truck, feeling like an oversexed adolescent, and playfully tackled her in the soft down of my sleeping bag.

"Hey, I like that!" she exclaimed, bear-hugging me.

"What?"

"Somebody strong like me."

With both hands on her ass, I pulled her hips against me. "Me, too." I trapped one of her legs between mine and she started to grind. I was pleased at her immediate reaction. This bitch had potential.

I pulled her shirt up as she covered my mouth with hers.

The muscles of her back were tense and defined, exquisite beneath my hands. I left tracks with my blunt nails, raising her skin wherever I raked it.

With the shirt pushed aside, her pendulous breasts tumbled against my torso.

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She undid the buttons of my cotton shirt, exposing my muscle-flattened pecs. Her nipples teased mine to hardness. I could already feel her wetness seeping through to the crotch of my 501's. I wanted her to fuck me, but the humping felt too good to imagine stopping now.

I hefted her tits in my hands and massaged them, drawing her nipples erect. A visible shudder coursed through her. I tortured her nipples mercilessly. She parted my willing lips with hers and I kissed her deeply in return, lapping and sucking at her tongue. We were so tightly pressed together that I couldn't tell where I left off and she started. The friction was delicious.

I worked my way down to Jazzy's neck, pausing to whisper in her ear. "You're so hot. I want to fuck you."

In response, she sank her teeth into my neck, and wriggled under my body. I tore at her jeans, my head swimming. My hand snaked through her soft down and into the warm, open lips of her cunt. I spread the wetness to her swollen clit, studying her expressive features, wanting it to be good for her.

I slid my hand lightly from her mons to her ass and back again, teasing. Occasionally I allowed just the tips of my fingers to slip inside her, and I could feel her inner muscles grasping at me. She thrust her hips at me, trying to capture my hand, but I kept taunting, pulling away.

Finally, Jazzy growled deep in her throat and seized my forearm in a strong hand. "I want you inside me. *Now!*"

Burying my face in her breasts, galvanized by the force of her demand, I plunged deep into her. She bucked hard at me, as three, then four, of my fingers spread her inner walls. She felt so wonderful, I wanted to climb up inside her. As she ground into me, I pleasured myself against her flexed quad.

This butch-on-butch thing was phenomenal. At last, someone to meet my intensity halfway. The mere idea made me heady, and I fucked harder, deeper.

Jazzy held my body to hers, both hands rooted firmly on my ass as she started to come. Her spasms, and her growls of release, triggered my own orgasm. I held on tightly, struggling to hold out, to ride out Jazzy's orgasm without being washed away by the waves of heat coursing through me. It was a losing battle.

My climax was muscle-wrenching, so powerful that, once I relaxed, it was complete. I fell to sleep, my face pressed into the soft curve of Jazzy's neck.

I was jolted awake by the sound of the rear hatch opening. I untangled myself from the sleeping bag and sat up. Jazzy leaned in the hatchway.

"You're home," she said, gracing me with a smile. "I got the address from your insurance card."

"You did, huh?"

"Yep. Pretty slick, huh?"

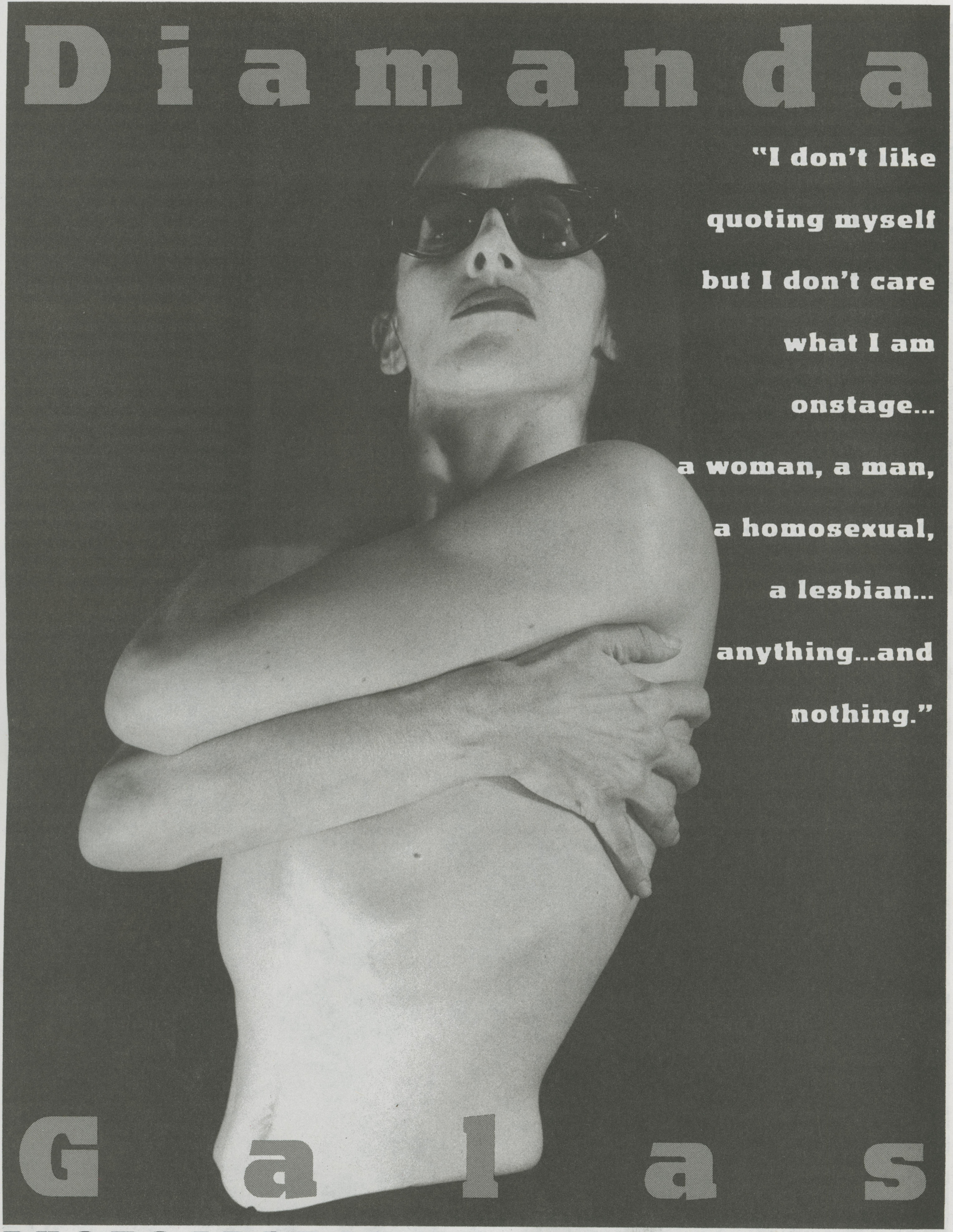
"I'd say so," I agreed, adjusting my clothing. As I slid out the back, Jazzy gathered me into a bear hug.

"I thought you were going to Danbury," I said.

"I am. But I've got something to do first."

"What's that?"

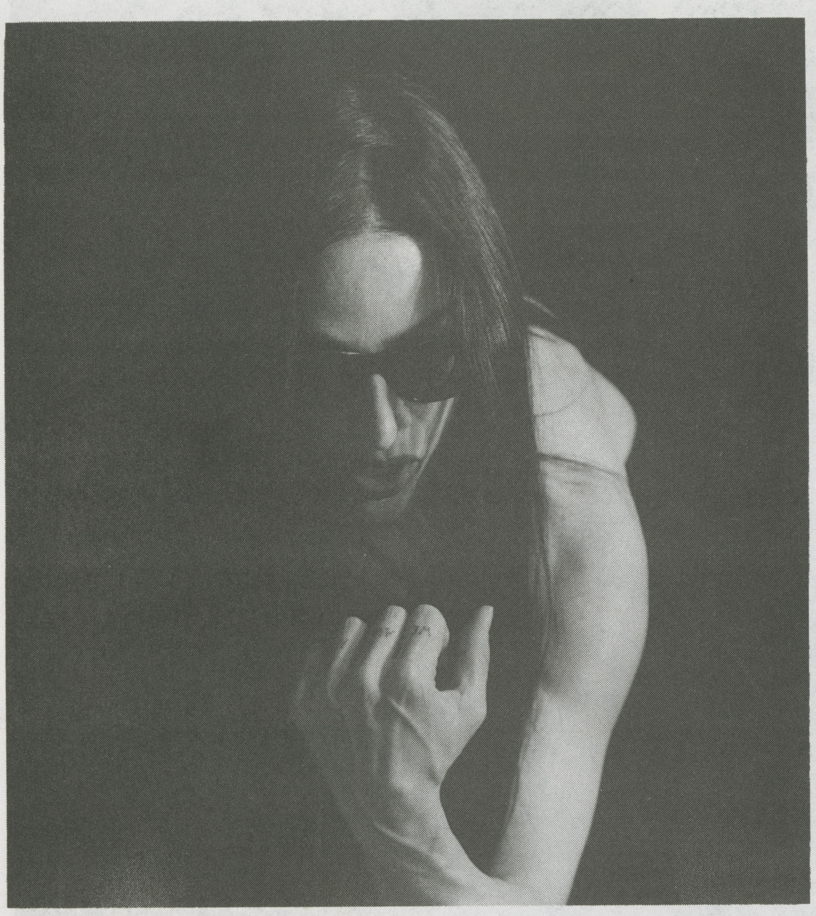
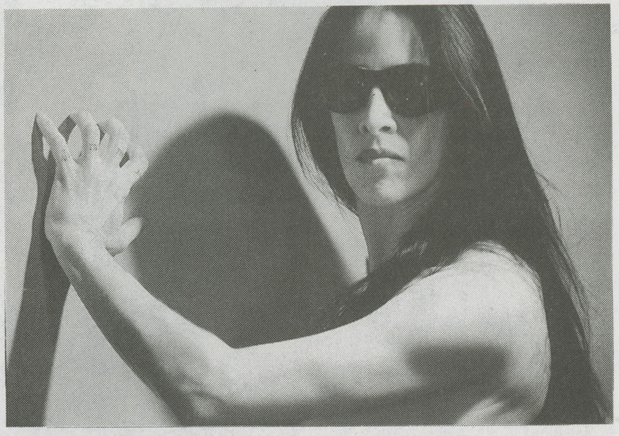
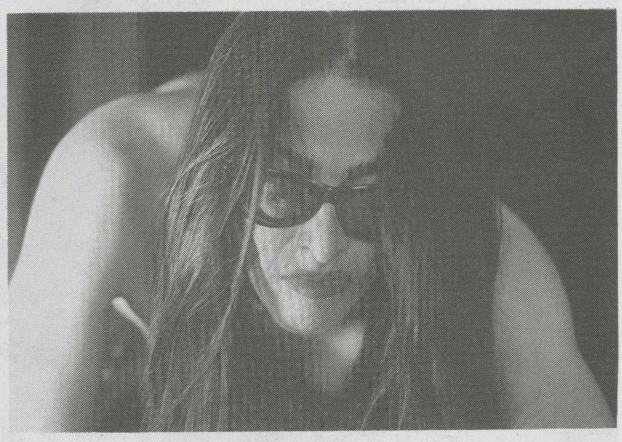
She chuckled softly. "I've gotta finish paying you back." Δ



Diamanda Galas

> "I don't like quoting myself but I don't care what I am onstage... a woman, a man, a homosexual, a lesbian... anything...and nothing."

PHOTOGRAPGY BY TREYCE CILONA

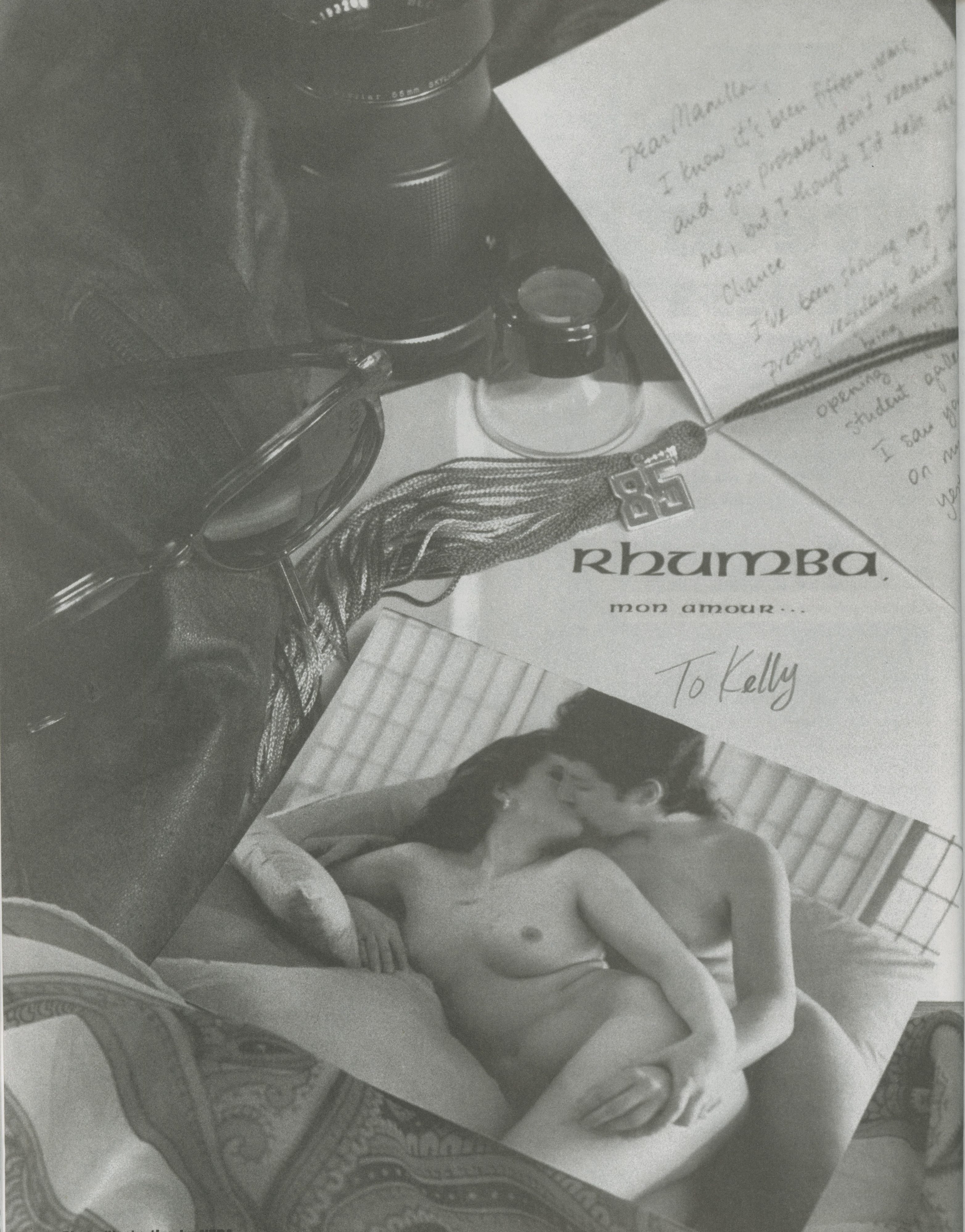
A Modern Day Greek Goddess

You don't have to be Greek to secure a place in mythology. Diamanda Galas seems to be heading into the land of heroines and goddesses with her volatile three-and-a-half octave vocal antics that send audiences spiralling into previously uncharted emotional terrain. With five microphones, digital voice delay, electronic multi-tracking, and a voice that lets out the rage of angels, Galas sings for the souls of the oppressed.

Her vision is steeped in the language of suffering. She combines avant-garde operatic technique, text from the Old Testament, Gerard De Nerval, Baudelaire, and her own compositions, and is one of the first female auteurs to compose and perform a major musical/theatrical work dealing with AIDS. Galas' activism around the epidemic springs from a lifelong identification with queers—she was extremely close to her gay brother, and says she never saw herself as different in any way from him. Now she brandishes "We Are All HIV+" in the form of a tattoo spread across her fingers.

She has been called a diva of demonic proportions, and has been compared to opera's consummate diva, Maria Callas. Her performances are dramatic and intense, her work that of a woman who will take prisoners in order to show them the light. **Plague Mass, Masque of the Red Death, Trilogy, Litanies of Satan,** and **Judgment Day** all deal with themes of isolation, terror, and confinement, and are her personal confrontations of society's slow and voyeuristic response to the AIDS epidemic. She constantly crosses over into the unknown, creating and dispelling myths along the way. Her recent release, **The Singer** (Mute Records) is a collection of gospel, hymns, and blues, with a lone piano and her voice summoning up a mellifluous, albeit frightening, message of what it means to feel despair and anguish, and, finally, to survive.

—P. August Russell


Dear Marilla,
I know it's been fifteen years
and you probably don't remember
me, but I thought I'd take
chance
I've been showing my
pretty regularly and
opening
student
I saw you
on
yea
85

RHUMBA,

mon amour…

To Kelly

Photo illustration by NEDA

REUNION

I know it's been fifteen years and you probably don't remember me, but I thought I'd take the chance.

She pulls me down to the mound of clothes and begins to move on top, wild, heavy, her hands seeking every opening, pulling me apart, me the butch wild child from the west...

fiction

by minns

She actually read my book. Just that. She wrote to tell me. Now, it might not seem like much to you, but to a hungry author it was like a long, cool drink of water.

"I know it's been 15 years and you probably don't remember me, but I thought I'd take the chance..."

Great opening, *non*? What writer could resist?

"I've been showing my photographs pretty regularly and they asked me to bring my portfolio for the opening night's reception in the student gallery...like old times. I saw your novel in a bookstore on my way to the framers yesterday. I just had to have it."

She *had* to have it! Ha! Not even my publisher said that!

"... A lot has changed since we last saw each other. I gather from your novel that we have much more in common these days ... Are you coming to the reunion?"

The reunion. Two graduates from a preppie women's East Coast college, all radical feminist energy and change-the-world intentions.

After graduation I'd gone on to drink and write my way across the country, trying to live out the female-punk version of Kerouac's *On The Road*. Lost touch with everyone but my best friend, and left her in New York with a kid, career, and her original husband. I learned how to travel long distances alone—stopping only for gas, new ribbons, and a few bad relationships.

Finally, the work clicked. The stories grew into collections and the collections sprouted into novels. Now there was money (a little), a house (also little) in the West, and a new family of friends—none of whom had even visited the East Coast, let alone gone to school there.

Occasionally our *Alumnae News* would reach my various post office boxes, bringing news of the latest births, divorces, and promotions at Xerox. Seemed everyone was working for "Daddy's firm" and doing volunteer service between babies—well, almost everyone.

I'd thought about Kelly. Kelly of the green eyes and golden hair, the quiet, tall, Celtic refugee whose strongest voice was her camera. Kelly who looked like she lived madrigals and had been born in a castle. Kelly had once walked within two feet of me and Dr. Danielle Stone, hidden by the dance stage curtain, our clothes piled around our feet, our limbs entwined. ➤

I doubt if she realized that one of the most intense, prolonged climaxes I ever had was a result of knowing she was doing arabesques just below us at the barre! I remember biting the edge of that cruddy curtain to keep from screaming, a century of dust and dancers' sweat filling my mouth, mingling with the taste of my professor. Yeah, I do remember Kelly quite well.

Before Kelly's letter I'd toyed with the idea of getting my best leathers sanforized, hopping a late plane out of Los Angeles and landing ass-end-first in the midst of those aging thirty-somethings, with 100 copies of my latest book tucked neatly into my suitcase. Hell, *Rhumba, Mon Amour* was getting decent reviews, some of them even mainstream. Of course everyone would be bowled over by my bravado. Then, in the middle of the fantasy the mail would arrive and there would be the latest update about "Muffy" or "Pissy" complete with a photo of her husband and the latest organizational board she'd been voted onto. Fighting nausea, I'd scrap the entire idea. Then another few weeks would go by, another good review or royalty check, and the fantasy would kick back in. Keep this up for eight months—until Kelly's letter.

Hell, what's a writer to do?

Write. Write back. Right away.

• • •

Okay, so I left most of the leather at home. I carried only a single copy of *Rhumba* with me, already inscribed. Kelly had grown into more than a memory. More than remembered dance steps in a darkened hall. Kelly and I both knew, without actually writing it, that I was coming all right, but for her. Just for her.

• • •

Summer thunderstorm, lightning streaking and striking the face of the lake. Perfect backdrop for my arrival. (If I wrote it like this nobody'd buy it.) Put the rental jeep in the parking lot, hop out, make my way to the mossy statue of Athena that guards the front doors. Late. Everyone's been drinking for hours. The reception is in full swing as I open the doors, shaking the rain from my crewcut. I am looked at the way one would look at the proverbial drowned rat: culture shock is instantaneous. So much summer pastel. So much "maternal suburbanite renovating the farmhouse while studying for a law degree while the children grow a bit." So much makeup and hair and espadrilles. Welcome home, Manilla.

I grin my best West Coast smile but don't remove my dark glasses. Feeling some kind of satisfaction at the muddy boot prints I track on the beige rug, I push past a woman trying to pin a neon nametag on my bomber jacket. Where the hell is the artist?

Then, behind the crowd of doctors and lawyers and congressfolk milling about I see her, up front, beneath a huge blowup of this...this nude woman! At least it *looks* like a nude woman, parts of a nude woman. Of course, it could be sand dunes.

Had to be Kelly. I'd done the research. Even found a review of her latest show at a small gallery in The Village. Now, her green eyes were shooting emerald sparks across the room. Her long mane was pulled into a French knot, her longer body sheathed in shimmering black beads and something soft. She was more than transformed—she was metamorphosized. Shit, maybe this was a big mistake. Maybe I'd been reading too much between the lines. Then, those killer eyes caught mine and she shattered into a smile.

Goddess!

Garbo!

Her breasts are soft-tipped surrender, then hard, the nipples waiting, slightly raw.

Instant wet. Meltdown. This has nothing to do with the rain. Sweet Mother of Christ. My cunt thunders inside, responding to the ex-dancer/photographer/angel-in-black in front of me. Electric, like the lightning. Instant connection. Gone the shy, self-conscious, almost gawky swan-child.

The crowd surges around her, hugs, well-spoken praise, all so proper. We'd all maintained our college manners.

I waited for the wave to crest and break away. The ever-present weak Chablis beckoned them from the sideboards. I picked up a discarded catologue and moved in as close as was prudent. By now Kelly had moved to a love seat, still chatting with a few folks.

"Uh, excuse me, Ms. Ferguson, would you mind signing this for me? I'm a collector and an admirer of your work."

I hand her the folder.

She looks up, her smile fainter, then gleaming again. Maybe the dark glasses are throwing her, maybe the close-cropped hair? A pucker plays around the edges of those roseate lips. They seem almost swollen, tender, perhaps bruised. I want to caress them. Instead, I offer my pen.

"To whom do I make this out?" Her voice is older, softer, a wee bit tired, a wee bit low. It's got that raw whiskey edge some city women acquire. Almost knocks me over.

"To Manilla." I stop, liking the boom-boom gap in talk, the silent syncopation our hearts must be making, like the look that surfaces in those jewelled eyes.

"Oh."

My heart is pumping thunder again. All notions of cool have vanished. Practiced lines, swift abandonment of decorum, I'd planned all along to do this, just sweep her away, into the blackened night, to the edge of the lake, the boathouse maybe, past the crowd, laughing like maniacs, flying with each other, into and at and with each other 'til dawn. Ha! I'd been sleeping with such images for months now. I am younger now than we ever were here—tongue-tied and babbling.

Kelly reaches over, her perfect fingers trembling, and with a touch that burns, brushes my cheek.

Stomach falls into boots. Can't breathe. Think my cunt is going to explode (attractive image). All I can do is stand there stunned and watering.

"Oh, Manilla."

Her husky voice is its own caress.

My breath slams back, stinging. It's obvious, as obvious as the tight knots of my hardening nipples. Thank God I'd remembered to keep the jacket on.

"Manilla? Hey, look, it's Manilla! Look who showed! Oh wow! Everybody, Manilla's here!" The fast-drinking entourage swarms back like a bunch of tipsy bees.

"I saw the review of *Rhumba, Mon Amour* in the Book Section. Haven't had a chance to actually read it yet, but..."

"My kid can't believe we went to school together."

"I saw you on the talk show in Chicago; who would have thought..."

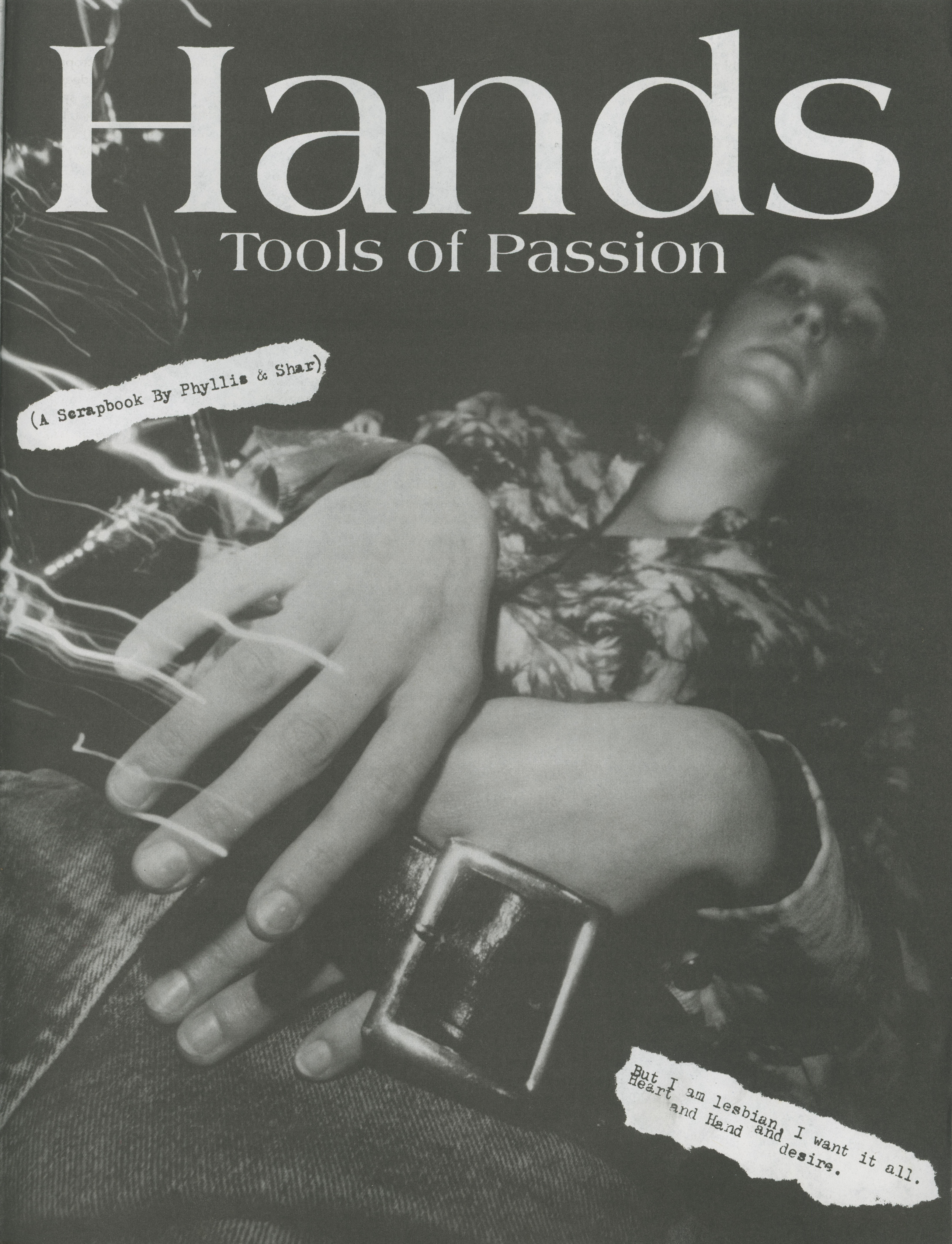
Chagrinned, expecting only cold stares at best, here only because of Kelly, this has become my 15 Warholian minutes. Try to move away politely and just as politely get pulled back in.

Kelly is being gently shoved off the sofa, or maybe she's receding. One of the old music profs has her in a bear hug. His huge, hairy arm stays attached as he moves her, away from the crowd, out of the gallery, into the hallway, and then, she's gone.

(continued on page 42)

Hands

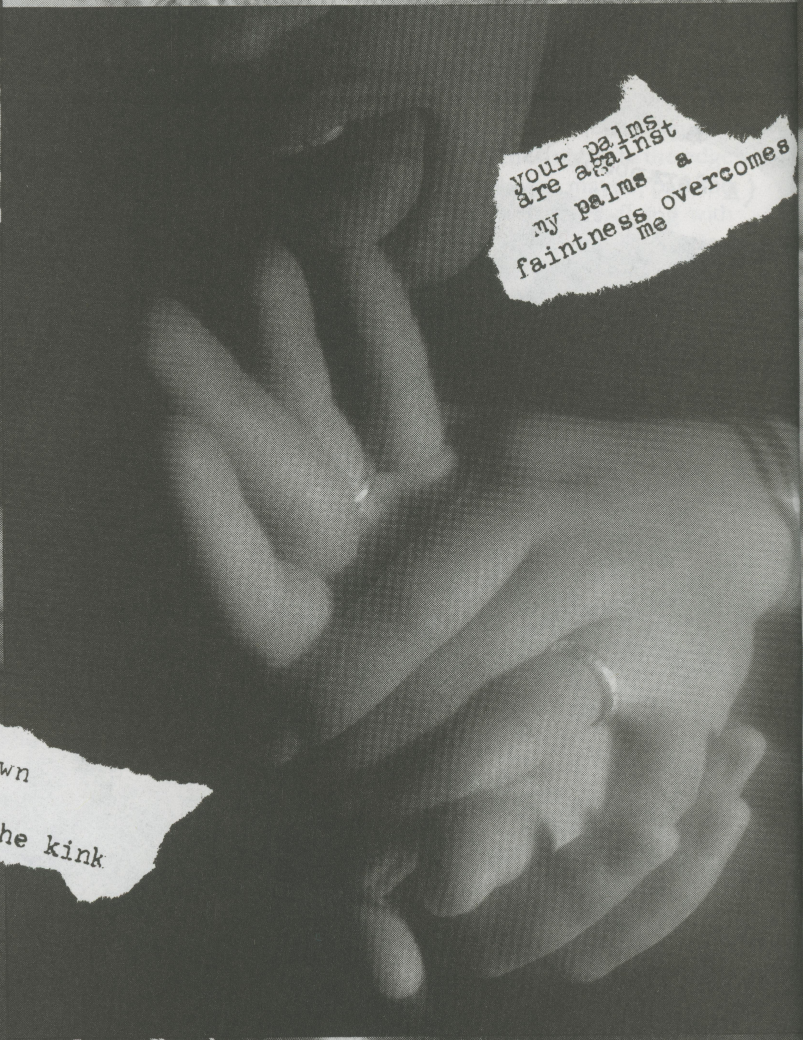
Tools of Passion



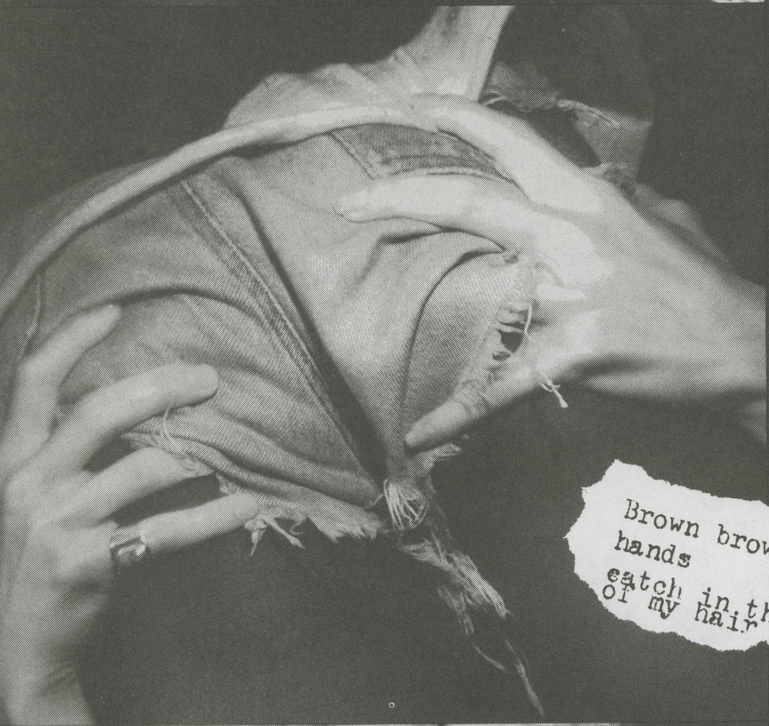
(A Scrapbook By Phyllis & Shar)

But I am lesbian, I want it all.
Heart and Hand and desire.

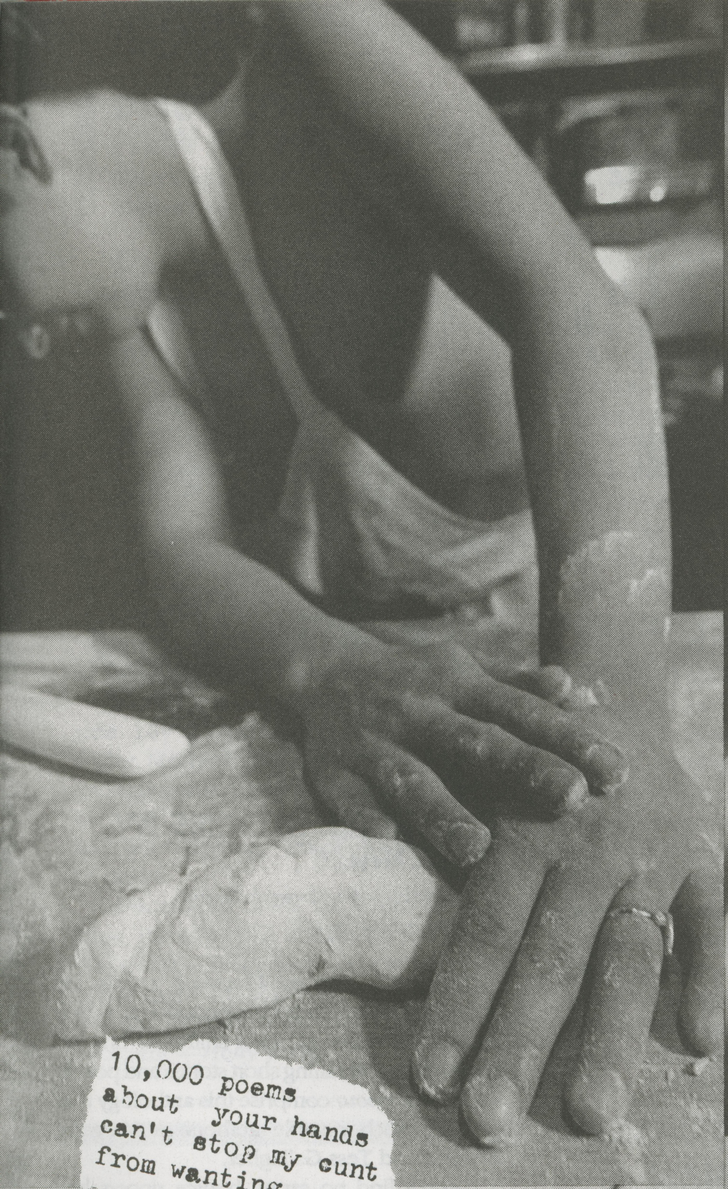
it has to do with
your hands up my shirt



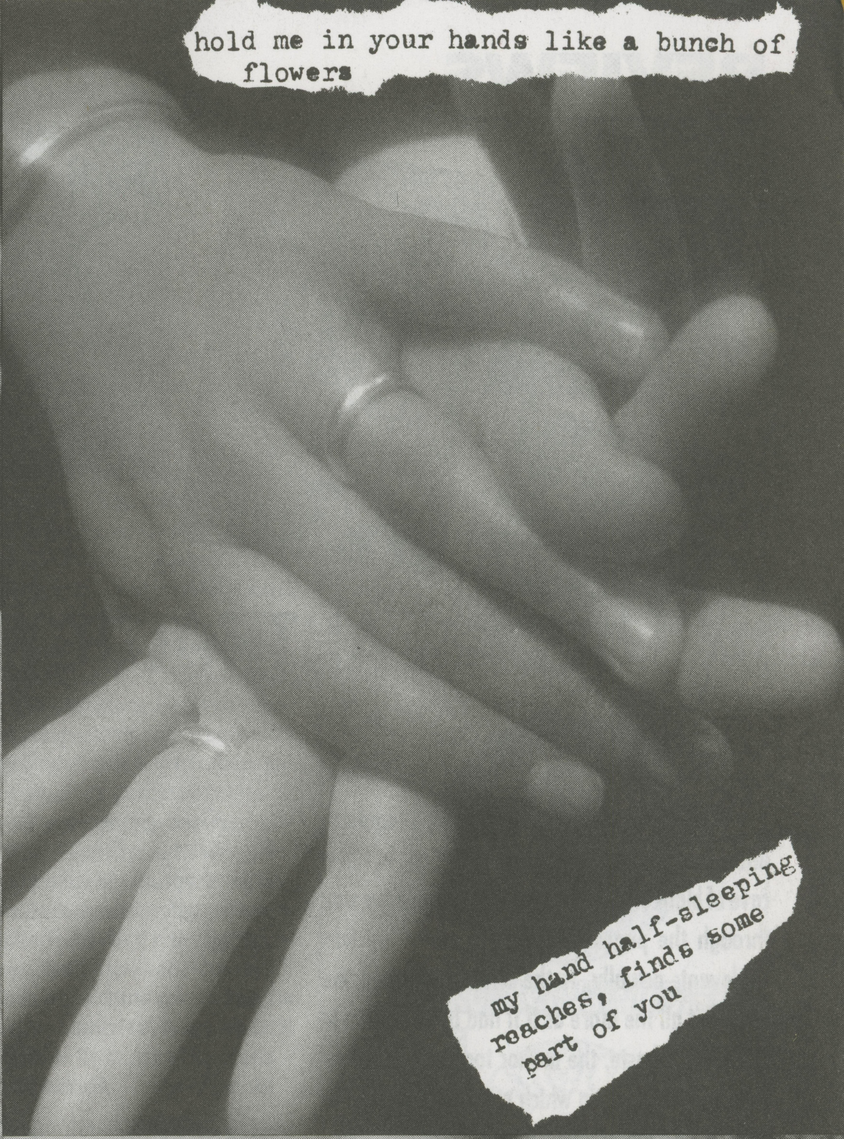
your palms
are against
my palms a
faintness overcomes
me



Brown brown
hands
catch in the kink
of my hair

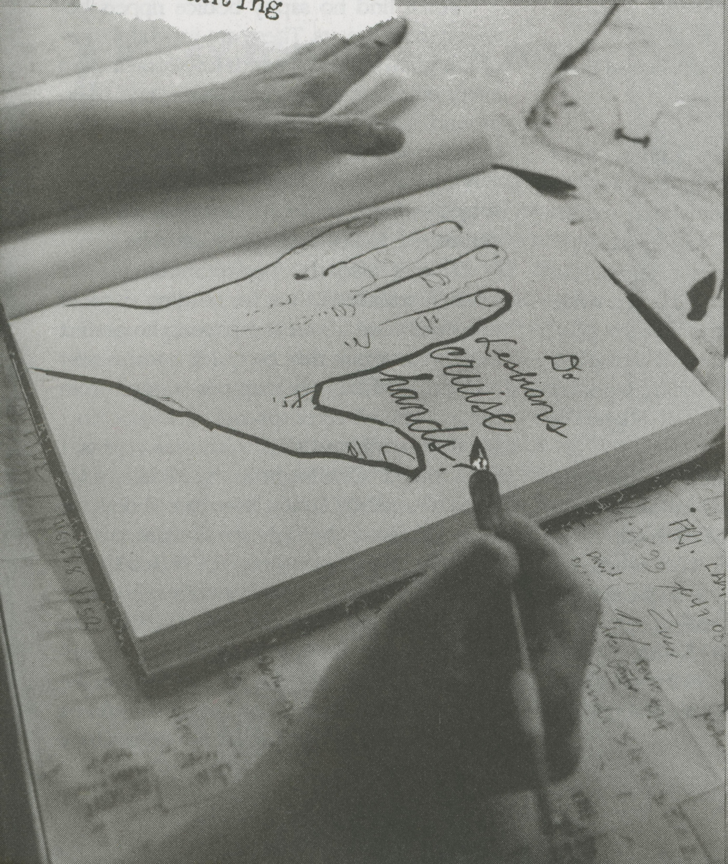


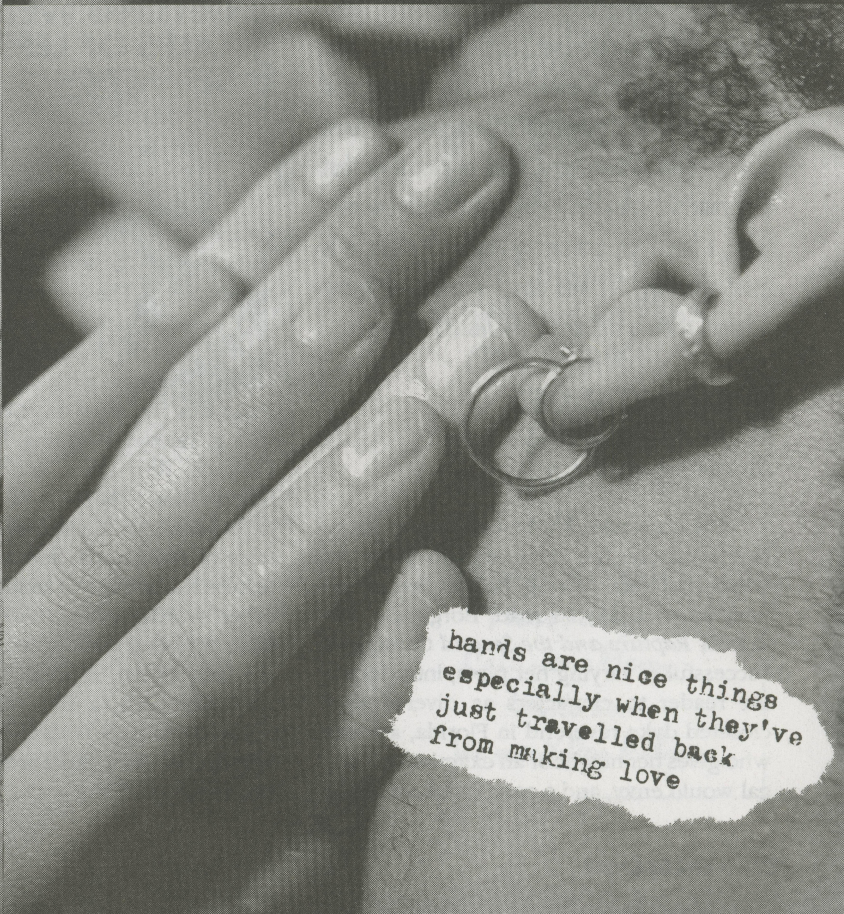
10,000 poems
about your hands
can't stop my cunt
from wanting



hold me in your hands like a bunch of
flowers

my hand half-sleeping
reaches, finds some
part of you


Do Lesbians cruise hands?



hands are nice things
especially when they've
just travelled back
from making love

SHORT RIDES
by the author of Rapture and the Second Coming
Wendy Borgstrom
Getting Wet
Tales of Lesbian Seductions
Anthologized by Carol Allain and Rosamund Elwin
LOVERS
Stories by Women
Edited by Amber Coverdale Sumrall
DISCONTENTS
NEW QUEER WRITERS
DENNIS COOPER, EDITOR
THE EROTIC IMPULSE
Honoring the Sensual Self
NANCY FRIDAY · ROBERT BLY
MARGO ANAND · CAMILLE PAGLIA
LONNIE BARBACH · HENRY MILLER
BETTY DODSON · GORE VIDAL
RICHARD GOLDSTEIN
ANAÏS NIN · SUSIE BRIGHT
ALLEN GINSBERG · ROBERT MOORE
THOMAS MOORE · DEENA METZGER
MICHAEL VENTURA · ROLLO MAY
SY SAFRANSKY · JAMES JOYCE
LEONARD COHEN · ELLEN WILLIS
e.e. cummings and more
Edited by David Steinberg

ANTHOLOGY ROUNDUP

When I was in junior high school, I regularly unearthed my mother's porn collection, hid in a cave of blankets, and one-handedly made my way through the pages. The quality of writing was irrelevant; actually, if the writing was bad the story felt all the more as if it had been written in mid-jerkoff haste, the author too busy to bother picking and choosing which words and images to spew across the paper. The only standards these stories had to meet were: (1) short—more than an hour under the covers left me queasy and sweaty; and (2) masturbation incentive—at least one detailed tidbit every three pages. Now that I've reached adulthood and can choose my own porn, I find that, unlike my mother's stash, it is most often by, for and about women—but my original criteria still apply.—*Jessica Patton*

SHORT RIDES

Wendy Borgstrom
Lace Publications

The six stories in *Short Rides* are...short. Unfortunately, the rides tend to be wide, white clunkers driving below the speed limit down a familiar road. Borgstrom, author of *Rapture and the Second Coming*, is successful at varying her plots, introducing the reader to characters as diverse as a closeted dyke reverend in Florida, a nurse who gives her neighbor an examination any gal would envy, and a gang of bikers out to "turn" straight women. The sex scenes often run out of gas, though, offering up a predictable formula of clitorises-and-waterfalls: awkwardly written vanilla lust. For lesbians struggling to overcome religious guilt, a painful loss, or who are having lesbian fantasies within a heterosexual marriage, *Short Rides* is worth reading, as Borgstrom's characters are well developed and easy to identify with.—*Jessica Patton*

GETTING WET: TALES OF LESBIAN SEDUCTIONS

Anthologized by Carol Allain and Rosamund Elwin
Women's Press

The reader who wants her porn to meet criteria #2 should turn to *Getting Wet*, an anthology of 26 stories, poems, and performance pieces. The first story, "Latex and Lube" by Karen X. Tulchinsky, serves to remind the reader about the importance of safe sex, while affirming safety as a hot ingredient of sex play. From this first story on, *Getting Wet* displays strong, innovative writing, including work by Chrystos, Beth Brant, and Muriel Miguel of Spiderwoman Theatre.

As stated in the introduction, "These are tales of seductions...set in locations where lesbians seek out and seduce each other." In other words, everywhere. The reader is taken to her (possibly) first S/M seduction, the laundromat, a girl's boarding school in the year 1842, a log cabin—but always returns to snuggle under her own bedcovers, where criteria #1 and 2 are guaranteed to be satisfied.—*J. P.*

LOVERS: STORIES BY WOMEN

Edited by Amber Coverdale Sumrall
The Crossing Press

Lovers: Stories by Women is a must for snuggling down under your comforter with a cup of hot chocolate or a snifter of brandy. Sixty-seven enthralling short stories and poems *au sujet d'amour* comprise this anthology that includes such notable authors as Margaret Atwood and Tess Gallagher.

You'll find no sappy bodice rippers between these covers. These are insightful slice-of-life glimpses into worlds of women from every ethnicity, sexual preference, and background. Each is a mini-masterpiece psychological case study, with women of all ages and varying states of love-induced neuroses as subjects. Love triumphs and tragedies are chronicled. No two situations are alike.

This is also the perfect book for the woman with little time for reading. Most of the stories are about ten pages, the perfect length for a bus ride or quick escape over morning coffee. My copy is ragged from being toted all over town.

If you want to skip to the juicy parts, I recommend "One Night In the Middle of My Lover's Arms" by Lesléa Newman. Follow the main character through an all-night anxiety attack as she feigns sleep in bed with her girlfriend. Newman—and virtually every other author—has captured and condensed real situations and emotions perfectly, while also managing to give each story a moral. Whether the moral is to stay lucky in or out of love, *Lovers* has something for every reader.—*Gentry Lane*

DISCONTENTS: NEW QUEER WRITERS

Dennis Cooper, Editor
Amethyst Press

Discontents: New Queer Writers gives voice to a group of malcontents and content that is disgusting, distasteful, and disturbing. Edited by Dennis Cooper, *Discontents* explodes genders and genres, strewing bodies and boundaries, while complacency floats away in a toxic cloud that Cooper names "assimilation."

Cooper barely prefaces the book, preferring not to domesticate or explain the wildness that follows. And some parts are certainly wild: Jelli Cleaver's untitled story of violence and torture; Gary Indiana's "Reproduction;" Annie Sprinkle's account of sex with a female-to-male transsexual.

Fiction and non-fiction co-exist side by side. Lily Braindrop's "May I Take Your Order, Motherfucker?" tells of her initiation into aggressive customer relations at Peepland on 42nd Street in New York, while Pat Califia's "Slipping," sanctions the dangers of desire.

Discontents offers the hardcore queer edge, the edge that chokes on the meager piece of the pie given to gays who behave. While there are some clunkers in the collection, for the most part *Discontents* is excellent.—*Holly Willis*

THE EROTIC IMPULSE: HONORING THE SENSUAL SELF

Edited by David Steinberg
Tarcher/Perigree

David Steinberg, editor of *The Erotic Impulse,* wants to know "What happens when you follow the erotic muse wherever it may lead?" In hot pursuit of an answer, he has put together a rather remarkable anthology.

With writing by such luminaries as Camille Paglia, Betty Dodson, Nancy Friday, John Preston, Allen Ginsberg, and Gore Vidal, this anthology is a veritable *Who's Who* of the sexual intelligentsia. There's poetry, philosophising, soul-searching, sentimental autobiography, and well-tempered arguments. Literary teeth sink into such subjects as porn and feminism, sex and spirituality, cultural and self-repression, s/m, masturbation, coming out, and the difference between male and female sexual perspectives and experience.

The anthology is not flawless: while there are a number of queer contributors, there's not much in-depth analysis of the queer experience, an oft-overlooked subject in sexually-oriented works. Also, a few pieces lapse into New Age mawkishness—but most are so clear and unhampered by cosmic hoo-doo they'll knock the reader dead-on between the eyes and legs.

Not-so-tragic flaws aside, this anthology is a must for those who like to think sex as well as do it.—*Lily Burana*

PUSSY TOURETTE *"IN HIFI"*

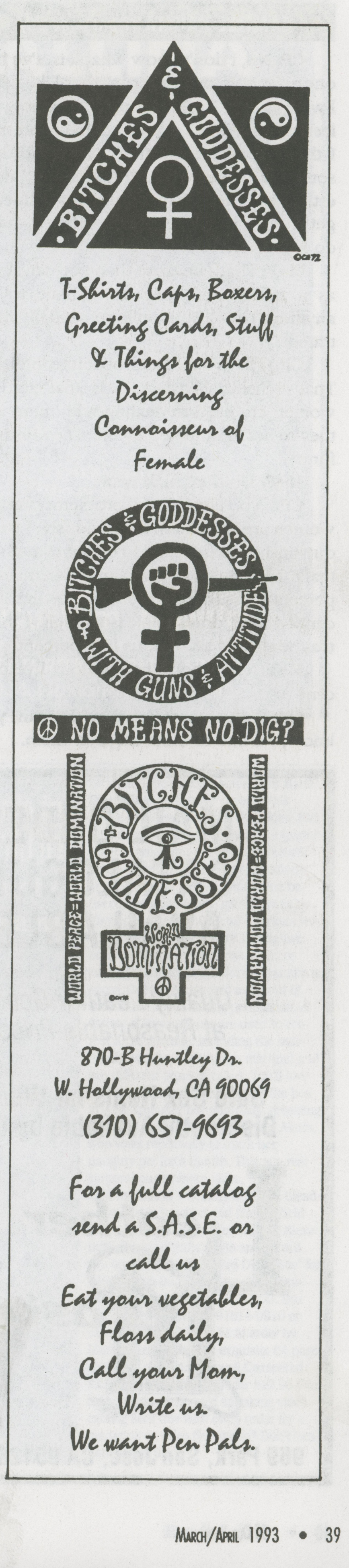
584 Castro #260, Dept. OBR
San Francisco, Ca 94114

You're at the *On Our Backs* holiday party, surrounded by a delicious assortment of women clad in everything from black tie and tails to red lace and nothing but. Quaffing the VIP champagne, you've seen a Christmas elf strip down to leopard panties to the tune of "Santa Baby," the Safer Sex Sluts act out a construction workers' menage a trois, and a go-go dancer whose 'painted-on' outfit is just that. So when the lusty ladies around you start chanting "Pus-sy,pus-sy,pus-sy," you rush up to the stage for yet another sapphic delight. But wait! Those two in the hairdos and trousers are definitely girls, but isn't that one with the glitter lipstick and polka dots a...a..*drag queen* ?

In a town where butch girls can say "Suck My Dick," why can't a drag queen sing "Fuck My Pussy"? Despite a lack of backup music, Pussy Tourette did just that, *a capella,* with crowd-generated motorcycle noises and foot-stomping percussion. While this may not be a strictly all girl group, they are unmistakably, wickedly, and lustfully all femme.

If you're far from San Francisco,don't despair—Pussy's collection of songs, including the seductive "Bracelets," and the lusty "Free Pussy" are available on cassette. Grab the Frederick's of Hollywood catalog, open your little black book, and get ready to grind!

—*Stephanie Rosenbaum*



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CAMILLE PAGLIA *(from page 20)*

CP: No, I don't know what it is. I've had one disappointment after another. Like when I went to New York, I thought, well now the lesbians of New York will come. And then I thought, where are they? Now and then someone comes through that seems interesting, but I must say I'm underwhelmed. I get along with straight women better than I do lesbians.

M=F: That's because then you can shine as a butch, and they don't have to do anything back. But you'll be sexually frustrated.

CP: That's total and absolute bullshit. That's cliche. What it is is that straight women are used to dealing with men, and they're not intimidated by me. They find me funny.

M=F: Do they fuck you?

CP: No. Here's my problem: straight women are with men. So obviously, I strike out most of the time. I don't want something that's forced. Now there may be this ten percent [of lesbians], the fabulous ten percent which I don't think is as high. I think maybe there's a fabulous five percent.

M=F: Talk about the fabulous five percent.

CP: Well...where are they? I mean, you know, I'd like to meet more of them.

M=F: So you're taking invitations?

CP: Well, yeah, I am. But I'm 45. I've made a choice at this point for thinking, and for observing, and for trying to help people come to some understanding of what the forces are underlying sexuality at the end of the century. I'm forcing a reassessment, saying, all right, here we are, 20 years down the line since gay liberation, 23 years since the birth of contemporary feminism, and it's time to take stock again and look at the problems, and say, "Wait. Is this in the best interest of women? Is this in the best interest of the human race?" And I'm saying what's happening now, with women going off on their own, that's not in the best interest of the human race.

M=F: Men don't go off on their own?

CP: I'm saying we have a major disaster on our hands.

M=F: Are you willing to apply your hypothesis about male sexuality to lesbians, or are your opinions set in stone?

CP: I feel women are naturally bisexual.

M=F: And men aren't?

CP: Well, I think we're all naturally bisexual, but it's much harder for a man to function bisexually. So much of male sexuality is involved with anxiety about women, because of this dominant force of the mother. It's a lot easier for us to go from girlhood to womanhood because of the appearance of menstruation. We actually have it easier than men.

When the hormones kick in at puberty, there are pheromones that are impulses toward mating, and the sexes are meant to come together at that point. When you go towards exclusive gayness, there are some reasons, coming from childhood, that prevent you from continuing in bisexual function. Real gay liberation, real expansion of the human imagination will come when we make everyone realize our own bisexual potential. Gay activism had a certain moment in history when it was extremely important to be militant. And now we have to look again and say women have to move back toward men. Neither sex is interested in the other. This is a disaster for the human race. I want both sexes to become stronger, both sexes to be interested in each other, and to fight with each other, and I want both sexes to be sleeping with the same sex too. I want it all. My vision offers people the opportunity to expand. There is a wound inside the exclusive lesbian that she's trying to heal with maternal soothing.

M=F: Don't men have a big wound?

CP: Men are mutilated beyond repair.

M=F: By women?

CP: No, they're mutilated beyond repair because their identity is impossible. Masculinity is impossible—it can only exist in a short moment when they are young and vigorous.

M=F: You say you were rejected by feminism, drummed out of the movement.

CP: Contemporary feminism. But I have never lost my faith in feminism.

M=F: Was there any homophobia going on? Was it because you were an out lesbian?

CP: No, because these were lesbians who were yelling at me.

M=F: Steinem? Sontag?

CP: They weren't the ones who drove me out. No, these women who were screaming at me about the Rolling Stones were lesbians.

M=F: And they were responsible for your exclusion?

CP: Well, that was the final straw, when people were screaming at me. My devotion is to art. Art transcends sexual orientation. It transcends gay/straight, feminist/non-feminist. We've got to get out of this rut that the only art we can accept is something that somehow endorses our little political agenda. We're in a Stalinist phase in feminism right now.

M=F: Economics is Stalinist.

CP: Oh, that's it! That's it! Δ

(Paglia, apparently irritated by another one of my "cliches," ended our session and went off to be interviewed by 60 Minutes.*—M=F)*

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QUEER CULTURE *(from page 11)*

This is a very different kind of existence; as Gomez and other writers have shown, history weighs heavily upon those who survive. In *The Gilda Stories,* Gomez's treatment of the *nosferatu* shows that eternity is a burden to some, and she discusses the possibility of choosing "natural death." Rice's vampires, on the other hand, often look like playboys, gay revelers, and simple hedonists.

According to some sources, the screenplay writer for Coppola's *Dracula* was heavily influenced by Rice's vampires. This, coupled with a heterosexist marketing strategy, could explain the sappy lovesick vampire that Coppola inflicts upon us. If only Coppola knew of the attractions of the lesbian vampire and her particular methods of penetration and seduction. If only Jodie Foster, or better yet, Angelica Huston had been cast in the lead role instead of Gary Oldman. But Coppola wanted his vampire to be male, human, and vulnerable, emotional and almost normal. Until Hollywood can embrace the true vampire—the dangerous, sharp-fanged pervert—we will have to make do with that classic vampiric seduction scene between Catherine Deneuve and Susan Sarandon in *The Hunger*.

Nevertheless, the queer vampire has no shadow and no reflection—and, whether Hollywood acknowledges it or not, it refuses to die.Δ

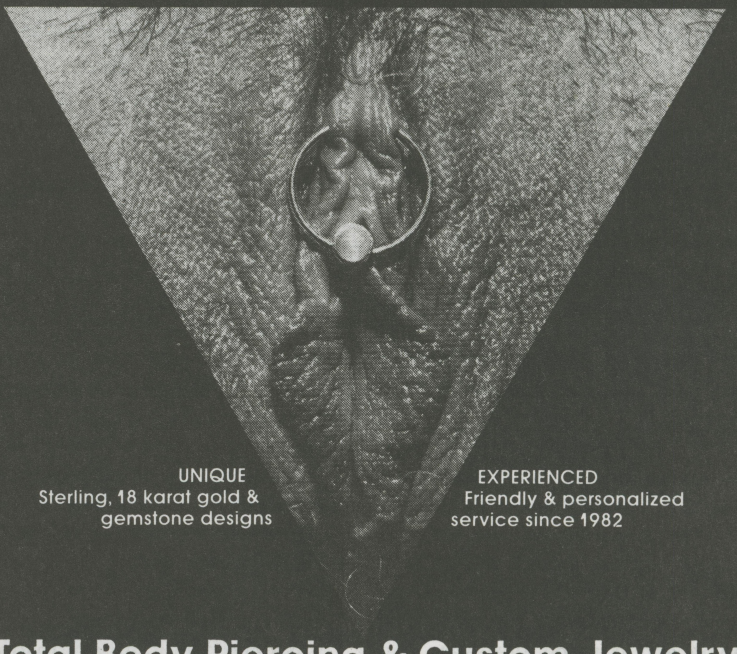
Lestat Rides Again

For those who live for the poetic, fluid, verbose verse of Anne Rice, *The Tale of The Body Thief* will satiate us for another year. Rice insists in her preface that you need not have read any of her previous *Vampire Chronicles* in order to enjoy the latest installment—well, okay, I enjoyed sex with a women before I was sure exactly what a clitoris was, but a little subtextual knowledge sure made a good thing better next time!

Claudia's vampiric ghost is with us again, and Louis returns as the ever petulant and beautiful boy. There's a new villain to track, and several new loves to seduce. And then there's the bad man himself, Lestat, who treats us to another splendid, voyeuristic, hedonistic romp through his most carnal desires and the world's most beautiful places.

For those who creamed over Rice's first remarkable female vampire in *The Queen of the Damned, Thief* will prove to be a gender, but not a sensual, letdown. And for those who prefer their fantasies tinged blood-red, the feeding has begun again. —**blaise bahara**

RAELYN GALLINA



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REUNION *(from page 34)*

The sun is high when I awake. I sit up, wobbling in bed. My head's soft as a tomato. Shit. Last night—a blur after Kelly's disappearance.

Went to find her but no luck. No one knew where she was staying. No way to track her in the storm. Could be anywhere this morning, maybe even with the—ugh—professor. I pulled on black jeans, a black tee, the ever-ready cowgirl boots (now reeking of beer) and the black linen blazer. The Ray Bans hide the vampire excesses of the previous night. I find the jeep keys, and then go to find Kelly.

When I reach the campus nobody's left in the dining hall. I bump into one of the summer interns in the kitchen, almost knocking a tray of gnawed bones out of her slippery hands.

"Where are they?" I gasp.

"Who? Hey, aren't you the writer? Manilla? Yeah, yeah I got your book, it's way cool! Can't believe you actually went to this collage! Hey, will you sign something, please? For me?"

She puts down the gruesome luncheon remains and pulls a black and white bandanna out of her back pocket while the sounds of steam-cleaning and clanging silverware ring from inside.

"Here, I gotta get going." I scribble my name and hand it back into the startled girl's hands.

"Uh, I think half your class is in the lecture hall in the Philosophy Building."

I run, slipping in spilled bar-b-que sauce, the leather of my boot soles not getting the best traction on linoleum—real cowgirls rarely encounter linoleum. I smash out of the heavy dining hall doors into raw sunlight. I dash across green lawns, almost twisting an ankle on a sprinkler head, and take the steps of the Philosophy Building two at a time, sweat clouding my already cloudy vision. I dash inside only to have the prof look up from the lectern and the crowd turn around, aghast, like in a bad Woody Allen film. A bomb, a fire drill, a simple robbery? Their faces register the questions. I wipe my streaming forehead, remembering to remove my dark glasses, trying not to heave on the docksiders and Papagallos. My fame has faded. No Kelly in the crowd.

I sit outside the Fine Arts Center, the smells of summer wafting by: suntan oil, bar-b-que, cut grass, clean sweat.

And then, out of the corner of my eye, a movement, not even a shape, something at an angle in the windows. Then a low, sweet, easy-sounding music wafting across the grass.

I'm in front of the Dance Building.

Sweet Jesus. Thank you, Jack Kerouac!

No time to see if I'm being followed, will get busted, will die before I reach the doorknob. Just follow the light, the music. Let it lead you by your lust, by your younger, headier, most outrageous self, back to a more heated time, when you were with the wrong women but always in the right places. I am at the door, and joy of joys, it swings open easily, quickly, and I am flung inside. The hallway seems to be alive.

Before my eyes adjust I hear the click of the industrial lock and the click of her heels as she kicks them across the hardboard floor.

"There is nobody behind the curtains this time," Kelly laughs.

My glasses are lifted for me. The blazer is ripped off, falling silently like a broken feather. The music has stopped. The only sound is my breath, our breathing, our hearts. I know she wants me. This much. This time.

A quick intake of breath. She's been waiting, planning this out—for how long? Doesn't matter. Don't think, feel: let this feeling burn straight to your core, carry the burning to her; let her know the fire she's been banking all weekend; a scalding tongue against her clit; a flame licking her inner thigh.

I move behind her, reach around to loosen the soft chambray shirt from her sunburned shoulders. She sighs as it slips and joins my blazer on the floor.

"I was at the lake this morning, hoping you'd find me." Her voice is all sweet breeze.

Her breasts are soft-tipped surrender, then hard, the nipples waiting, slightly raw. My hands find them, finger them, pull and roll and move them delicately, just enough to make her moan.

I reach lower, unbutton the jeans, my fingers flipping the buttons one by one, to skin white and speckled. I move my own fevered crotch against her firm ass, my hands trembling as I ease the jeans over her hips, my lips tracing calligraphy across her shoulders, down her spine.

She turns to face me, wild, her hair down, the Amazon confronting this upstart who would reveal her. Her huge hands, infuriated, rip my black T-shirt with a ferocity that shocks and warms like a slap. Our clothes are around us, discarded skins. My boots are the last thing to go.

"Do you remember, 11 years ago, this place?" Her voice is a low growl in my ear as she nips at the lobe, her tongue following the question inside.

My skin ripples. The air is hot and we are very exposed. Outside people are beginning to pass in the walkway, separated by only a few feet of rock and glass. They have dressed for dinner, are coming in early for cocktails and conversations about stocks and bonds. Here we are, vulnerable, exposed, exposing what we couldn't a decade ago—what we should have exposed even then.

Her hands tangle, low, pulling on each wet mossy place, tracing my swollen lips as our mouths collide. We rock and sway, hips grinding, causing sparks to fly in the shadows. I am

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sure they must be able to see the fire through the darkening glass of the windows, sure our scents must carry over to the mowed lawns, our animal sounds rising over the volcanic bells in the tower.

She pulls me down to the mound of clothes and begins to move on top, wild, heavy, her hands seeking every opening, pulling me apart, me the butch wild child from the West, the crew-cut kid, the hellion writer who comes flying down in the middle of the night in black leather. This angel rides me sure and hard, splitting me wide, making me steam and scream her name over and over, rocking and rolling in the dark, dancing this floor has never witnessed, her hands deep, pulsing, making a new music I cannot withstand.

I protest: this is not what I thought. But she won't hear it. She laughs, bites, draws blood from my lips, makes me taste it and bite back, explodes a second time as she thrusts and rocks even harder, making me moan her name over and over, makes me sure it is her and no one else that I'm with, want to be with, will be with ...will? Even later?

"As late as you want, Cowgirl," she hisses, pulling me on top, her hair lashing and slashing me, our bodies streaming together, two rivers meeting in the sea.

And I am diving hard, fast, slick-backed, heaving from my own surrender but ready to gain honor again.

Kelly laughs, then moans, then swears in the hot darkness.

She is salt and sweet and good sweat, blond even here, even here she is the miracle woman, thrusting and pulling my head closer, my tongue pressed as deep as I can so my teeth only graze the hood of her clit, making her scream, making her name me now, coming in my mouth, coming again and again, coming home.

"Coming home, Manilla." Kelly leans back, those old dancer's legs not so old, letting me go, for a minute.

"Kelly." What else to say? A writer made silent: What better compliment? She shuts me up. The first.

"That night, 11 years ago, when I came here to practice—remember?" She is propped up on one elbow, her graceful, long hands stroking my flank, as if I am some precious, dangerous, much-loved beast.

"I remember."

"I knew you were here. Made myself come here, made myself stay. You two weren't as quiet as you thought, my sweet. I've been waiting since then."

Kelly finds my mouth, her lips bruised, swollen, tasting as much of me as herself. And then I feel the tear, drink in the tiny sip of salt as it slides between our lips.

"Happy Reunion." Δ

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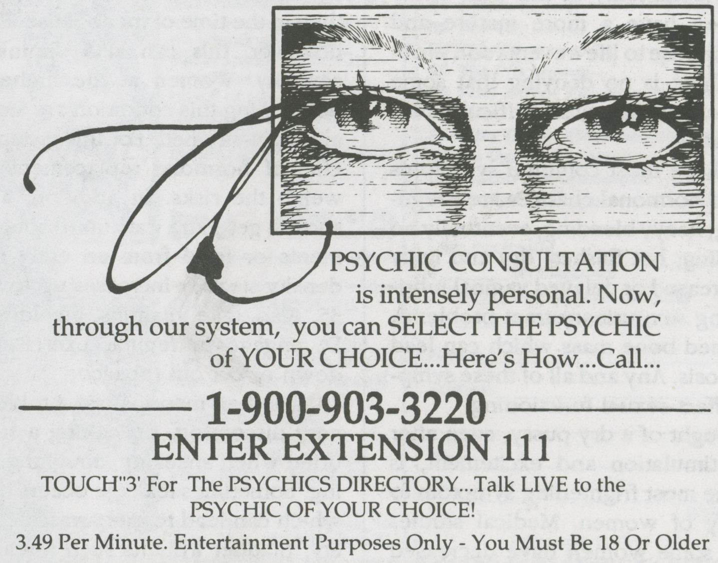

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SEXPOINT *(from page 15)*

Also, since birth control hasn't been a major issue, menopause for lesbians does not represent a sudden release from that burden. Clinicians who treat lesbians for gynecological problems have noted that lesbians have fewer complaints about menopause, but more complaints about menstruation. Clearly there is a social and sexual context to all of our experiences.

Medically speaking, menopause is simply the end of menstruation, and occurs approximately between the ages of 45 and 55. The process from the onset of menopausal symptoms until the final menstrual period can last as long as 15 years, and is also referred to as the climacteric, or critical time.

Menopause also occurs in women who have lost the uterus to surgery due to cancer, fibroids, or endometriosis. In women who have also had their ovaries removed, the symptoms of menopause occur immediately and more drastically. For women who have their ovaries, it is the diminishing ovarian production of estrogen that causes the cessation of periods. When a woman's store of eggs is no longer available or viable, estrogen ceases to be produced by the ovaries, which results in lack of ovulation and menstruation. Other changes that occur in the body due to decreased production of estrogen include bone thinning (osteoporosis), changes in the vulva, vagina and urethra, and an increase of cholesterol in the blood.

Menopause can occur without any bothersome symptoms and may cause no problems at all. When symptoms do occur, they are often temporary and tolerable. Despite the mythology, problems that are stress related or emotional in content do not occur more commonly in this age. Older women often have a more mature and adaptive response to life's events and problems. But there is no denying that some women do experience great difficulty during menopause.

Some of the most common symptoms attributed to hormonal changes are irregular bleeding, heavy bleeding, eventually no more bleeding; hot flashes; dry and itchy vagina; decreased or delayed vaginal lubrication during sex; urinary tract problems; and decreased bone mass which can lead to osteoporosis. Any and all of these symptoms can affect sexual functioning.

The thought of a dry pussy, even after adequate stimulation and excitement, is probably the most frightening symptom to the majority of women. Medical studies report that some women have decreased circulation to the vagina and less lubrication as much as four years prior to the end of their periods. This loss of circulation slows the sexual response, as well as the time to orgasm. In addition, the uterus may respond to decreased estrogen levels by becoming more irritable, even cramping with orgasm. These changes are much easier to deal with once they are recognized as normal and due to menopause. Lubricants can do wonders, and vaginal massage with creams such as calendula, or a variety of oils (Vitamin E, wheat germ, olive) can be a part of lovemaking. Estrogen creams or hormone pills are another option.

Hot flashes are often the first sign of estrogen depletion, but women may have them for months or years before acknowledging them. One woman refers to "temperature intolerance"; another pulls her sweaters and shirts off and on, or tosses the covers off the bed in the middle of the night; a third complains of "palpitations." I have found that women claim their hot flashes very slowly, delaying the admission that this uncomfortable, sometimes disabling, event is happening to them until it's inevitable. If we all claimed our flashes by stripping off our clothes with wild abandon, and behaving as if they were as normal as the need to pee, perhaps we would have less difficulty.

Flashes usually only last for some months, or for a few years at most. While they are occurring, however, flashes can result in insomnia, leading to anxiety, depression, and other symptoms of sleep deprivation. Restless sleep may disturb a woman's bed partner, adding to problems already affecting sex. Hormone therapy can be used during this time, or several alternatives.

Osteoporosis, or bone thinning, can cause fragile bones, but much later in life than at the time of menopause. Eventually, however, this can also diminish sexual capacity. Women at the highest risk of developing this condition are small-boned and light-skinned. For this group, the benefits of hormone replacement may outweigh the risks. In addition, all women should get extra calcium through supplements or food from an early age; bone density steadily increases up to the age of 35. Also, take vitamins, including Vitamin D; engage in regular exercise; and cut down or cut out tobacco.

Another menopausal problem is urinary discomfort, or leaking a small bit of urine when sneezing, coughing, or laughing. Sometimes leakage occurs during sex, which can lead to embarrassment or anxiety. Bladder irritants such as caffeine and alcohol aggravate the problem. A thorough physical exam is essential in order to identify the source of the problem as menopause, or other causes. Hormone replacement may be suggested, or other medical remedies.

The most useful treatment for leaking is to practice vaginal exercises, or "Kegels." To learn these exercises, sit on the toilet peeing, and pull hard on the muscle that stops the flow. That's the one you need to strengthen, by a tightening/relaxing cycle of two to five minutes three to five times a day.

Sex is good for us—before, during, and after menopause. It increases blood circulation to the vagina and the clitoris, and improves our overall outlook on life. If you're not dating anyone at the moment (or even if you are), don't forget to masturbate joyfully and frequently. If vaginal dryness is a problem, experiment with lubricants, and do regular vaginal massage. Hot flashes may be alleviated with herbal teas such as licorice root, sarsparilla, or black cohosh—but these should be recommended by an herbalist who knows your health history, since herbs, like medicines, can have undesirable side effects.

Most women say that sex improves as we get older. Let's prove it. Next time one of those flashes soaks you to the core, just take off all your clothes, and ask your girlfriend for a helping hand. Let's claim our flashes, our maturity, our beauty, and our desirability. Δ

SUGGESTED READING:

IN FULL FLOWER: AGING WOMEN, POWER AND SEXUALITY

by Lois Banner. Alfred A. Knopf, 1992

MENOPAUSE, NATURALLY: PREPARING FOR THE SECOND HALF OF LIFE

by Sadja Greenwood, M.D. Volcano Press, 1984 & 89

THE CHANGE: WOMEN, AGING, AND THE MENOPAUSE

by Germaine Greer. Alfred A. Knopf, 1992

THE SILENT PASSAGE: MENOPAUSE

by Gail Sheehy. Random House, 1991

WOMEN OF THE 14TH MOON: WRITINGS ON MENOPAUSE

Edited by Dena Taylor and Amber Coverdale Sumrall. Crossing Press, 1991

TRANSFORMATION THROUGH MENOPAUSE

by Marian Van Eyk McCain. Bergin & Garvey, 1991

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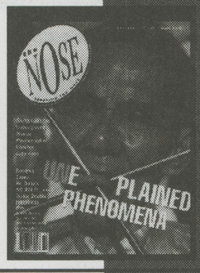

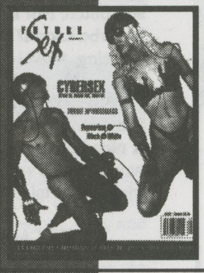

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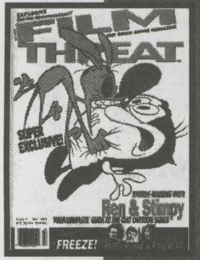

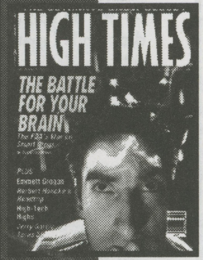

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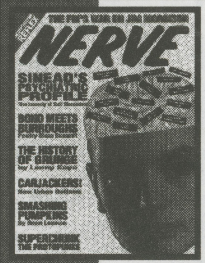

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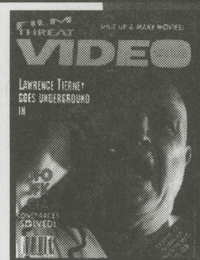

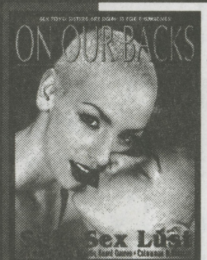

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Athletic, passionate, tomboy-femme writer, 32, 5'3",120lbs. Mostly bottom, partially shaved head seeks physically and emotionally strong, intelligent, playful androgynous/butch for fun, sex, love, laughter and relationship. Los Angeles area. ☎1388

SHY SW FEMME, 50

Seeks sensitive, romantic butch, 40-50. Love travel, golf and working out in a gym. I'm experienced in loving care of soft butch. Not looking for commitment, but who knows? Non-smoking, moderate drinking. ☎1381

BUSINESS TRIPS TO CHICAGO?

Simmering femme awaits your butch spirit. A nice hotel room, a bottle of wine, my wrists bound with silk, and thee? Have a friend who might like to join? ☎1379

CHICAGO TOP SEEKS FEMME SWITCH

Experienced, elegant 35-yr-old desires leather & lace bottom strong enough to f— me on command. Suck my big dyke dick while I spank you, follow directions, call me Sir. Prefer non-smoking professional age 30-40 under 5'6" tall. No bis, drugs, light alcohol ok. Heavy women cherished, Midwest travel only. ☎1401

POLITICAL SLUT WANTS BUTCH

Gorgeous fat femme looking for love and lust with butch top whose politics are as radical as her sexuality. Do you exist? Do you strap on? Do you dare? Sober, clean, smoke free a must. ☎1392

ROMANCE / RELATIONSHIP

ANARCHA-FEMINIST

(perpetually politically outraged). Escapist tendencies (comics, sci-fi, ethnic cuisine), body of a Goddess (of Willendorf) seeks same/similar/ completely different for relationship. ☎1353

NEW TO THE GAY SCENE

Me: honest, caring, sensitive and shy. I like reading, the outdoors and movies. You: between the age of 23-35, attractive, warm, honest and understanding with a great sense of humor. Must love animals. I want a fun, romantic relationship. Photo required! ✍921

ANARCHIST TOP

& youth liberationist. This ad also fits SM and correspondence. Called in 91? Call now. Love P&T (power & trust)—so much more accurate than Marqui & Leopold. But could live on vanilla with the right sister. ☎ 1351

UNQUENCHABLE SEXUAL APPETITE

I'm 26, 5'3", 110 pounds, brown eyes and hair. Pretty, athletic, soft butch, shy, funny, romantic. If I had the right woman I would have sex 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and then some. Are you the one that can quench my thirst?? ✍917

LOOKING FOR A WIFE

GBF, Butch, 34 seeks GF, Femme, 27-37 for housekeeping, landscaping & lovemaking. Marriage minded women write to me Sxy P.O Box 5344, Oakland, Ca 94605. All letters answered, photo first. No bis, heavy drugs or drinking. ☎1350

Want sex that leaves you seeing stars? ☆ ★

Check out AstroScoop, page 11.

ROMANTIC NYC BUTCH

Do you often wonder where romance has gone? Well, I'm here, searching for you. If you're a young, petite femme who likes 'em strong, sensual and black then I'm the butch for you. ☎1397

ROCKHARD SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

Handsome, hard driving, articulate, chivalrous. Desire beautiful, petite femme for classic boy-dyke meets girl romance. I am fun loving and intensely passionate. Tough but gentle and the right times. No drugs. Would consider relocation. ☎1387

LONELY IN NEW YORK

Attractive, kind, loving, compassionate, closeted black woman looking for a long-term lover and companion. Preferably 35-45 yrs but race, weight, etc not important. I have two children 6 & 8 yrs old. Write soon! ✍923

LIKE THE COUNTRY?

Western Washington 38 yrs, ranch-owning soft butch looking for that special someone for play and/or relationship. Must be clean and sober, secure, bright, stable....I am the same. ☎1357

MNPLS/ST. PAUL

WL, 37 very shy attractive femme to capture my lonely heart. Seeks responsible, mature, clean/tidy, athletic financially secure for long term relationship. Non-smoker a must. Lt. drinker ok. ☎1335

INCREDIBLY RESPONSIVE FEMME BOTTOM

Androgynous/femme 40's seeking a very tall, husky butch top over 35 in Pacific NW or willing to travel. ☎ 1328

Please cancel my ad...

I'm having all the sex

I can handle!!

—Paula, New York

WILL TRAVEL / CORRESPOND

TRAVEL PARTNER WANTED

Do you like wild & wacky times in strange & far away places? Let's meet someplace warm and wet! Twenty-five year old businesswoman living offshore seeks young, witty, courageous, intelligent dykes to hang out on the beach with. ✍934

SOCIAL OUTCASTS

Two young lesbian misfits seek others 18-25 who feel the same. Sick of moping! Wherever you live and whatever you're into is fine. Lots of interests. ✍926

YOU SHOW ME YOURS...

And I'll show you mine...SF Bay Area dyke with VW camper seeking to correspond with dykes in the Northwest or Southwest. I have a yearning to travel and especially want to visit Santa Fe, Seattle or anywhere in between. Maybe you have a place I could park it for awhile. Call with your name & address & favorite sight. ☎ 1171 or write ✍919.

R U INTO.....

...leather, blue jeans, doc martens? Techno, R&B or Jazz? Hanging out in New Orleans, NYC or someplace else? Mountain biking, skiing & brating? Movies, tasty cuisine & good books? Please send a postcard response. ✍928

Editors wonder-what's "brating"?

LONDON DYKE, 32

Wants to correspond with dykes worldwide, particularly the states. A sense of adventure, intelligence and crazy humour essential. No heavy politics or bi's please. Looks and vanity bullshit unimportant. Write today! ✍927

(postage to England is 95¢)

DO YOU WANT TO BE SEEN?

Enclose $15 and a snapshot

•

of yourself (Face shot only)

•

and we'll put it with your ad.

"S/M" ACTIVITIES

GOLDEN SHOWER DREAMER

Shy 35 yr old Aquarian lesbian who loves golden showers. Also love all types of music, cats, dreaming, leather, lace, and well-endowed women. Would love to correspond with women who have the same interests. ☎1046

NOVICE N.Y. SUBMISSIVE

29 yr old tattoo'd lesbian. Baby butch 5'5", 115 lbs, seeks dominant mistress to fulfill my fantasies. What you command I will obey or? ✍916

SEA-TAC SM TOP

Hello, my name is Vic and I'm an S/M top from the Sea-Tac area. I'm looking for a woman who's proud to be a bottom—you know who you are. ☎1041

SMART MOUTH/BEAUTIFUL LIPS

NYC submissive-slim and 35-seeks playmate to hold me down and drive me wild. No strings attached. Be attractive and hot. ☎ 1060

TEACHER WANTED

To show me the ropes, the ins & outs, as it were of B/F, B/D, S/M ad infinitum! Theatrical Bi wants hands on training. Anticipating lots of homework. Be 45 or younger, knowledgeable, and communicative. Knowledge is Life. ☎ 1059

WE TAKE SM SERIOUSLY

Lesbian couple—switchable, into Mistress/slave roles & the usual...whipping, chains, hot wax, fisting—looking for a community of like-minded women for playing, conversation, & socializing. We're especially interested in planning SM fantasy weekends. NY. ☎ 1050

TALL, BLONDE, KINKY

Spend a weekend in my secluded MD playroom. Spend the rest of your life masturbating to the memory. Cigarettes, booze, warped humor—Great! Politics & whining—Bullshit! ✍915

SHADOWPLAY...

moving the unconscious to consciousness. GWF, 30, seeks creative, playful part-time s/m relationship for fun, adventure and personal growth. Very honest, intelligent, mature, slim petite and attractive femme wants emotionally stable, aggressive, athletic butch 28-40 with good sense of humour and a keen mind for games. no drugs, alcohol, smoking, cheating. Woman of colour, esp. GBF preferred but not essential. Thoughtful replies to box... ✍918

TRANSSEXUAL / BISEXUAL

INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITE

Versatile, passionate BiWF 25yrs, 105lbs, 5' blond blue eyes 36-24-36. Seeks Bi playmate who can travel to my North Woods ski area home. Must be petite, sensual and willing to adapt to hot times and fun. ☎1024

PHONE ROMANCE

Looking for a bisexual lover to have romance over the phone. Must have sexy voice and erotic pleasures. ☎1022

TOO BUTCH TO BE TRUE?

Exploring masculine identity, female-to-male cross-dressing or transsexuality? Get information and support through our monthly meetings and quarterly newsletter. Please send S.A.S.E. to ✍924

BULLETIN BOARD

TOUGH DOVE BOOKS

...is looking for lesbian adventure stories for an anthology; stories about wild women, eccentric characters, sexual exploits, travel, sci-fi, true life experience, every day tales, exciting events, fiction and non-fiction. Enclose SASE. Previously unpublished writers encouraged. Manuscripts must be double spaced; ASCII (Dos text) file format on IBM PC compatible OK. Deadline Jan '94. Send to: Mikaya, 11101 Eastside Road, Ukiah, CA 95482.

DEPICTIONS OF MIND TRANSFORMATION

through body manipulations. Call for artwork for June 1993 show in an alternative gallery in Portland, OR. All entries, all mediums considered. Sent statement, $3.00 entry/slide review fee, up to 20 slides, small prints or related materials and SASE. Deadline May 1st, 1993. ✍925

WHERE ARE YOU HIDING?

Northern California (Modesto) girl, 20, is looking for friends, penpals and lovers. I'm tired of being alone; I want to come out and play!! English accents are a big plus. ✍922

BE MY TEACHER

Connie—I'm willing to be your student if you are ready to give me your first lesson. ☎ 1096

CHICAGO BI-BABY NEEDS YOU!

BiBF, 28, 145 lbs, voluptuous, femme in open marriage looking for k.d. Lang type to romance me. Has to love NPR, PBS, and SEX. Hubby has "something" to do Saturday nights—wanna keep me company? ☎ 1014

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Standard = 1 3/4" (Fits Pocket Rocket Dildo)
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With snaps to hold a dental dam across the surface for safe sex and easy clean up. Includes 6 custom dental dams.
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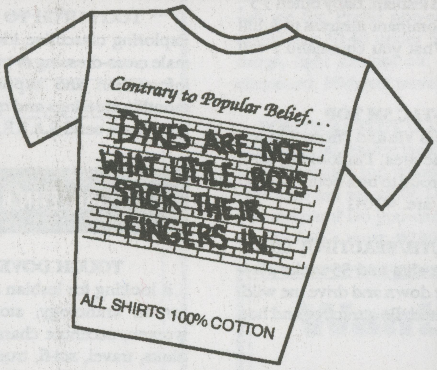
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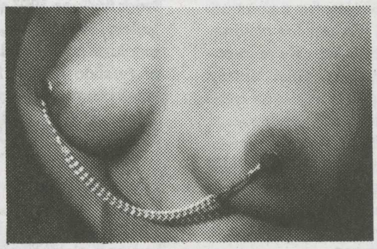

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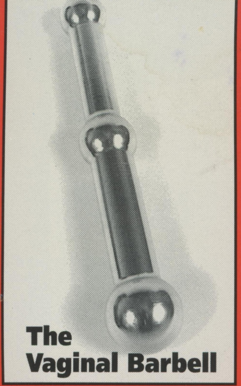

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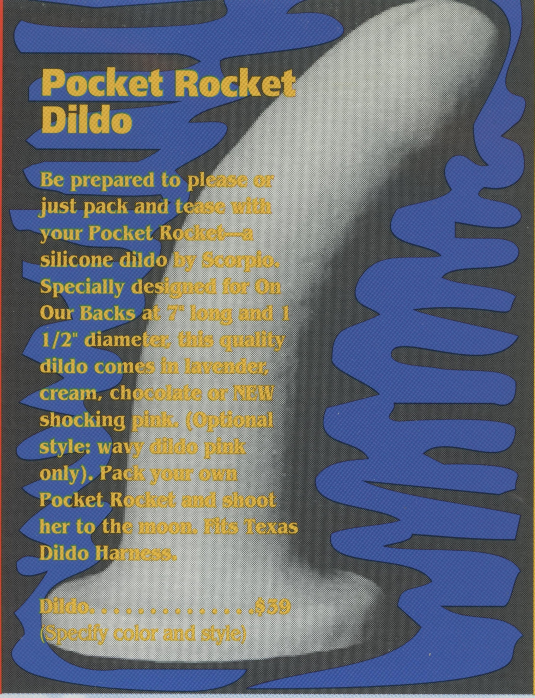
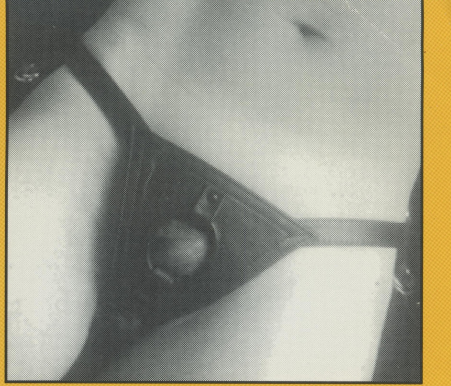


Pocket Rocket Dildo

Be prepared to please or just pack and tease with your Pocket Rocket—a silicone dildo by Scorpio. Specially designed for On Our Backs at 7" long and 1 1/2" diameter, this quality dildo comes in lavender, cream, chocolate or NEW shocking pink. (Optional style: wavy dildo pink only). Pack your own Pocket Rocket and shoot her to the moon. Fits Texas Dildo Harness.

Dildo. $39
(Specify color and style)



Texas Dildo Harness

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Order by Phone 1.800.845.4617

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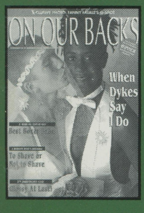
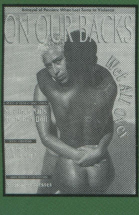
Or mail check or money order (include shipping: $0–$50 add $5; $51–$100 add $7; over $100 add $9. Canadian orders: add $2 additional to your order.) CA residents add 8.5% sales tax. Send to: On Our Backs Dept. MO, 526 Castro Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.





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